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ART. I.—*Tales, by the Rev. George Crabbe, L. L. B.*
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THE names of Voltaire and Crebillon never divided the critics of Paris into contrary parties more effectually than this world of ours is now set at variance by the disputed merits of Mr. Crabbe. It is not unusual at the present day to find one's self in a society of which one half is loud in extolling him as a poet in the truest sense of the word—as the *inventor* or *creator* (ὁ ποιητής) of a new field for the exercise of the imagination—and on that account worthy of a comparison with the greatest original geniuses of antiquity—while the other is roused to indignation by the bare idea of what appears to them so exaggerated and almost blasphemous an elevation, and, running headlong to the contrary extreme, refuses him even the name of a poet, and all pretensions to the alleged qualifications of poetry, to the high honours of invention and imagination, whatever. The most remarkable feature in the present controversy is, that both parties are right, at least in their premises, whatever may be the consequence as to the conclusions they respectively draw from them. Mr. Crabbe is absolutely and indubitably a poet in the sense which his admirers annex to the term; and, although in the other and more popular acceptation of the phrase, we cannot admit in the full extent which is sometimes contended for, his want of all pretension to the dignity demanded by him, yet we must confess that his general style and disposition are such as in a great degree to bear

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out his objectors in their refusal. On examining the subject more in detail, we find ourselves also compelled to admit the justice of almost every censure and of almost every praise that he has received; and, to reconcile these apparent contradictions, and try both praise and censure by the test afforded us in his most recent publication, will be the principal object of our present article.

On the appearance of his last work, 'the Borough,' he received from some of his warmest panegyrists a piece of advice which we thought at the time rather misplaced, and which we are not at all sorry to find was lost upon its object. Mr. Crabbe was recommended, as we recollect, to turn his thoughts thenceforward to the construction of some interesting and connected story. Now we never imagined that Pope would have made any thing of his intended epic on the conquest of this island by Brute the Trojan; and it is surely no ill compliment to Mr. Crabbe to suppose that he also would have failed where Pope was not qualified to succeed. A resemblance has before been remarked in the genius of these two poets; and we think that a strong resemblance certainly does exist, and that it consists in a happy perception of strong individual traits of character, and a peculiar power of delineating them, which go far towards constituting the whole excellence of satirical and didactic poetry, but a very small way in exciting dramatic or epic interest. In many of the qualities which are necessary to these far different purposes, we conceive Mr. Crabbe to be altogether deficient; and of this a stronger proof can scarcely be afforded than by his present publication, which, though he has chosen to give to it the title of 'Tales,' consists rather of insulated descriptions of character and manners than of that species of narrative to which the denomination of fable properly applies. Out of the twenty-one separate pieces with which we are here presented, by far the greater number, at least, such as 'The Dumb Orators,' 'The Gentleman Farmer,' 'The Frank Courtship,' 'The Widow's Tale,' 'Arabella,' 'The Lover's Journey,' 'Edward Shore,' 'The precipitate Choice,' 'The Struggles of Conscience,' 'The Convert,' 'The Learned Boy,' and others, wear much more the appearance of characters to be inserted in some description or satirical essay than of separate historical narrations, which demand the interest of incident as well as of character to support them; and (although we are little disposed on our own parts to quarrel with mere names, which are in themselves indifferent),

we think that many of the objections which will be made to the present publication, (might probably have been avoided, if some such title as that of 'Characteristic Sketches of Life,' had been given to it, instead of that which the author has assumed.)

In order to complete the catalogue of pieces which the volume contains, and at the same time to divide them into the three classes, which we think may be fairly instituted to receive them, we will now enumerate the titles in the following order. Those which appear to us to contain the largest portion of Mr. Crabbe's peculiar and acknowledged beauties, and to have afforded the widest scope to the exercise of his powers, are 'The parting Hour,' 'The Patron,' 'The Lover's Journey,' 'Edward Shore,' to which we would perhaps add 'The Confidant,' and 'Resentment.' In those which follow, 'The Dumb Orators,' 'The Gentleman Farmer,' 'Procrastination,' 'The Frank Courtship,' 'The Widow's Tale,' 'The Mother,' 'Arabella,' 'Jesse and Colin,' 'The Wager,' 'The Convert,' and 'The Brothers,' either his faults and his beauties have been so equally dealt, or his powers have been so much cramped by the defect of the subject, that they may be fairly set down in a middling or neutral class—but 'The Struggles of Conscience,' 'Squire Thomas, or the precipitate Choice,' 'Advice, or the Squire and the Priest,' and 'The Learned Boy,' are performances which deserve a much smaller share of indulgence, and must therefore be set down among the decidedly bad. Not but in the very best there are unfortunate blemishes, by the aid of which Mr. Crabbe's detractors may turn the whole into ridicule; while in the very worst there are traces of genius and talent, which in the opinion of his admirers may, perhaps, redeem all their defects; and as for those which we have classed as neutrals, they may, (we think) very fairly be admitted into the higher, or degraded to the lower rank, according to the general inclination of the reader in favour of the author or otherwise.

The excellencies of Mr. Crabbe have thus been summed up by some of his most devoted lovers—force and truth of description—selection and condensation of expression. He is said to possess the strength and originality of Cowper. His versification is compared to that of Goldsmith. His language is commended for its strength and purity. His taste for the talents of selecting and grouping his objects. His descriptions for their minute resemblance and 'Chinese' accuracy. His reflections for their moral sen-

sibility, and their alternate tone of sarcasm and pathos. With regard to the subjects he has chosen, the interest excited by humble life is said to be general, profound, and lasting. The most popular passages even of Shakspeare himself are of this nature; and if there is often no intrinsic beauty in the objects which he describes, the truth of nature nevertheless demands the description of them. Nay, the poet, as the painter, of low life *must* descend to particulars which in other subjects would be impertinent and obtrusive. A 'distinct locality and imaginary reality' must be given to his pictures. His objects must be distinguished with 'a minute and anatomical precision.' Thus, in the judgment of these writers, much of what at first sight and unconnected with the general design of his works, would necessarily be condemned as vulgar, bald, or prosaic, is in fact necessary to the completion of that design, and therefore to be ranked in the class of beauties rather than of defects.

In our opinion, Mr. Crabbe amply deserves every commendation which has thus been bestowed upon him; and, before we proceed to contemplate the other side of the picture, we shall present to our readers a few out of the many specimens which we might select from the volume now before us, in justification of our opinion. Our first extracts shall be from the 'Lover's Journey,' which, considered not as a tale, but (as we before denominated it) a sketch of character, merits every praise which it is possible for the warmest friends of the author to bestow upon it.

'It is the soul that sees; the outward eyes
 Present the object, but the mind describes;
 And thence delight, disgust, or cool indifference rise;
 When minds are joyful, then we look around,
 And what is seen is all on fairy ground;
 Again they sicken, and on every view
 Cast their own dull and melancholy hue;
 Or, if absorbed by their peculiar cares,
 The vacant eye on viewless matter glares.
 Our feelings still upon our views attend,
 And their own natures to the objects lend;
 Sorrow and joy are in their influence sure,
 Long as the passion reigns th' effects endure;
 But love in minds his various changes makes,
 And clothes each object with the change he takes;
 His light and shade on every view he throws,
 And on each object, what he feels bestows.'

The exemplification of these just and beautiful sentiments immediately follows.

'Fair was the morning, and the month was June,'
when the lover set out early on the delightful errand of
visiting the object of his affections. His day's ride con-
ducted him through a great variety of country of what
would be ordinarily deemed the gloomiest or most unin-
teresting description; but the cheerful and happy tone of
his mind reflects a gaiety on all that he sees, which the
poet has contrived to colour with all the force and bril-
liancy of the lover's own imagination. He first rides over
a barren heath on the sea-side; but, instead of wearying
himself by the tame monotony of the picture, finds no-
thing but what is admirable in the scanty flowers and her-
bage with which his path is sprinkled.

————— 'Men may say

A heath is barren—nothing is so gay.'

Next, he enters into long deep sandy lanes, the boundaries
of new enclosures,

'Where the dark poppy flourish'd on the dry

And sterile soil, and mock'd the thin-set rye.'

This, to his partial eye, yields nothing but a diversity of
enjoyment; but his pleasure is even increased by the suc-
ceeding prospect of a small scattered hamlet, situated on
a common, whose meagre herbage scarcely affords pasture
to a few miserable sheep that feed upon it.

'Aye, this is nature,' said the gentle squire;

'This ease, peace, pleasure—who would not admire?

With what delight these sturdy children play;

And joyful rustics at the close of day.'—&c. &c.

The next scene he witnesses is of a more peculiar cast—
such as has, probably, never before been described in poe-
tical language; but, such as it is, Mr. Crabbe's picturesque
recital will immediately bring it to the recollection of
those to whom it is familiar, and place it before the ima-
gination of all.

————— 'A road confined in narrow space;

A work of labour, for on either side

Is level fen, a prospect wild and wide,

With dykes on either hand by ocean's self supplied;

Far on the right the distant sea is seen,

And salt the springs that feed the marsh between;

Beneath an ancient bridge, the straiten'd flood

Rolls through its sloping banks of slimy mud;

Near it a sunken boat resists the tide,

That frets and hurries to th' opposing side;

The rushes sharp, that on the borders grow,

Bend their brown flowrets to the stream below,

Impure in all its course, in all its progress slow, &c.

* * * *

The few dull flowers that o'er the place are spread
Partake the nature of their fenny bed, &c.

* * *

Low on the ear the distant billows sound,
And just in view appears their stony bound ;
No hedge nor tree conceals the glowing sun,
Birds, save a watry tribe, the district shun,
Nor chirp among the reeds where bitter waters run.'

This picture is no less grateful than either of the preceding to our lover, who exclaims,

' Various as beauteous, nature, is thy face!' &c.

But the description of the next object which he beholds is still more characteristic of the author of ' The Parish Register.'

' Again the country was enclos'd, a wide
And sandy road has banks on either side ;
Where, lo ! a hollow on the left appear'd,
And there a gipsy-tribe their tent had rear'd ;
'Twas open spread to catch the morning sun,
And they had now their early meal begun,
When two brown boys just left their grassy seat
The early trav'ler with their pray'rs to greet :
While yet Orlando held his pence in hand
He saw their sister on her duty stand ;
Some twelve years old, demure, affected, sly,
Prepar'd the force of early powers to try ;
Sudden a look of languor he descries
And well-feign'd apprehension in her eyes,
Train'd but yet savage, in her speaking face,
He mark'd the features of her vagrant race ;
When a light laugh, and roguish leer express'd
The vice implanted in her youthful breast ;
Forth from the tent her elder brother came,
Who seem'd offended yet forbore to blame,
The young designer, but could only trace
The looks of pity in the trav'ler's face.
Within, the father, who from fences nigh
Had brought the fuel for the fire's supply,
Watch'd now the feeble blaze, and stood dejected by :
On ragged rug, just borrow'd from the bed,
And by the hand of coarse indulgence fed,
In dirty patchwork negligently dress'd,
Reclin'd the wife, an infant at her breast ;
In her wild face some touch of grace remain'd,
Of vigour palsied and of beauty stain'd ;
Her blood-shot eyes on her unheeding mate
Were wrathful turn'd, and seem'd her wants to state.

Cursing his tardy aid—her mother there
 With gipsy-state engross'd the only chair.
 Solemn and dull her look ; with such she stands,
 And reads the milk-maid's fortune in her hands,
 Tracing the lines of life; assum'd through years,
 Each feature now the steady falsehood wears ;
 With hard and savage eye she views the food,
 And grudging pinches their intruding brood ;
 Last in the group, the worn-out grandsire sits .
 Neglected, lost, and living but by fits ;
 Useless, despis'd, his worthless labours done,
 And half protected by the vicious son,
 Who half supports him ; he with heavy glance,
 Views the young ruffians who around him dance ;
 And by the sadness in his face, appears
 To trace the progress of their future years ;
 Through what strange course of misery, vice, deceit,
 Must wildly wander each unpractis'd cheat ;
 What shame and grief, what punishment and pain
 Sport of fierce passions, must each child sustain—
 Ere they like him approach their latter end,
 Without a hope, a comfort, or a friend !
 But this Orlando felt not ; " Rogues," said he,

" Doubtless they are, but merry rogues they be," &c. &c.
 At last our hero arrives at his destined port, and finds
 that his Laura is absent on a visit to a friend at some
 miles' distance. Thither, after cursing his hard fate, he
 resolves to follow, and to upbraid her—for it seems that
 his own visit had been by appointment. In a very dif-
 ferent temper of mind from that which accompanied him
 in the morning, he sets out on his evening ride, which, as
 it happens, conducts him through a country quite as un-
 like all that he has yet past as his present, to his former
 disposition. He rides along the banks of a majestic navi-
 gable river, fringed with trees, and bounded by rich cul-
 tivated land on either side—he indulges in a long tirade
 against ' Sleek Farmers,' and concludes,

' I hate these long green lanes ; there's nothing seen
 In this vile country but eternal green :

Woods ! waters ! meadows ! will they never end ?

'Tis a vile prospect—gone to see a friend !

Then by the side of a beautiful park, within view of the
 house, and of a pleasant family party which appears to be
 enjoying to the full all the blessings of which its members
 are the possessors—he finds out that it is all a cheat, and
 that they only assume a mask of cheerfulness to hide their
 real misery.

'There's guilt and grief in all one hears and sees.'

He passes through a merry, busy village, in which a wedding happens to be going on; but in his present frame of mind he may well be excused for not altogether participating in the delights of a wedding.

'Another wretch on this unhappy morn!' &c.

'And his proud look, and her soft languid air

Will—but I spare you—go, unhappy pair!

He now arrives at the termination of his toils, and his overjoyed mistress flies into his arms as he alights from his horse. All his regrets and disappointments, and purposes of upbraiding vanish from his thoughts. Her excuses are accepted in full; and in reward for his ready forgiveness, she promises to return with him the next day.

'Home went the lovers through that busy place,

By Loddon hall, the country's pride and grace,

By the rich meadows where the oxen fed,

Through the green vale that form'd the ocean's bed;' &c.

'Nor pain nor pleasure could they yield—and why?

The mind was fill'd, was happy, and the eye

Roved o'er the fleeting views, that but appear'd to die.'

The morning after, he bids his mistress farewell, and retraces alone the earlier part of his ride, the several objects of which are recapitulated with equal brevity and exactness—'the gipsy tent;' 'the dam high-raised, the reedy dykes between;' 'the scatter'd hovels;' 'the burning sand;' and new enclosures.

'And last the heath with all its various bloom,

And the close lanes that led the trav'ler home.

Then could these scenes the former joys renew,

Or was there now dejection in the view?

Nor one nor other would they yield—and why?

The mind was absent, and the vacant eye

Wander'd o'er viewless scenes, that but appear'd to die.'

The merits of this beautiful poem are too obvious to require any further illustration than that of our copious analysis; and we shall only advert to one of its minor excellencies, which might otherwise escape the reader's attention, that which we may venture to call its geographical precision and accuracy. Various as are the descriptions of natural scenery which it embraces, it is easy to believe that the whole may fall within the compass of a twenty miles' ride on the eastern coast of the island; and there is a truth, and (to adopt the expression of some former critics) a 'distinct locality' about it, which almost persuades us that Mr. Crabbe has himself (we will not say on a similar occasion) taken the very ride which he

here describes, and that his pictures are neither drawn from imagination, nor strung together by the fancy, but taken from reality in the very succession in which he has placed them.

It is not to be expected that we should follow Mr. Crabbe through any other of the tales which we have marked for peculiar approbation, as we have done through that of the 'Lover's Journey;' and, indeed, the utmost that our limits will now suffer us to accomplish is to give a few more detached extracts in the way of commendation, before we proceed to the less agreeable part of our duty, the consideration of the censure to which our author has rendered himself liable.

In the tale of 'Edward Shore,' we are presented with a most powerful, though terrible, picture, of genius, confident in itself and in its imagined virtues, falling a victim to its own overweening strength, and becoming a prey to passions which terminate in madness. The opening verses are equally striking, from the boldness of sentiment and of versification.

'Genius! thou gift of Heav'n! thou light divine!
Amid what dangers art thou doom'd to shine!
Oft will the body's weakness check thy force,
Oft damp thy vigour, and impede thy course;
And trembling nerves compel thee to restrain
Thy nobler efforts, to contend with pain;
Or want (sad guest) will in thy presence come,
And breathe around her melancholy gloom;
To life's low cares will thy proud thoughts confine,
And make her sufferings, her impatience, thine.

Evil and strong, seducing passions prey
On soaring minds, and win them from their way;
Who then to vice the subject spirits give,
And in the service of the conqueror live;
Like captive Sampson, making sport for all,
Who fear'd their strength, and glory in their fall.

Genius, with virtue, still may lack the aid
Implored by humble minds and hearts afraid;
May leave to timid souls the shield and sword
Of the tried faith and the resistless word;
Amid a world of dangers venturing forth,
Frail, but yet fearless, proud in conscious worth,
Till strong temptation, in some fatal time,
Assails the heart, and wins the soul to crime;
When left by honour, and by sorrow spent,
Unused to pray, unable to repent;
The nobler powers that once exalted high,
Th' aspiring man shall then degraded lie;

Reason, through anguish, shall her throne forsake,
 And strength of mind but stronger madness make.
 The description of the state of Shore's mind after his fall
 from virtue is painfully and terribly just; but its moral
 effect appears to us of the highest order.

'Despised, ashamed; his noble views before,
 And his proud thoughts degraded him the more:
 Should he repent—would that conceal his shame?
 Could peace be his? it perish'd with his fame:
 Himself he scorn'd, nor could his crime forgive,
 He fear'd to die, yet felt asham'd to live:
 Grieved, but not contrite was his heart; oppress'd,
 Not broken; not converted, but distress'd;
 He wanted will to bend the stubborn knee,
 He wanted light the cause of ill to see,
 To learn how frail is man, how humble then should be;
 For faith he had not, or a faith too weak,
 To gain the help that humbled sinners seek;
 Else had he pray'd—to an offended God,
 His tears had flown a penitential flood:
 Though far astray, he would have heard the call
 Of mercy—"Come return thou prodigal;"
 Then, though confus'd, distress'd, asham'd, afraid,
 Still had the trembling penitent obey'd;
 Though faith had fainted, when assail'd by fear,
 Hope to the soul had whisper'd, persevere!
 Till in his father's house, an humbled guest,
 He would have found forgiveness, comfort, rest.'

The unhappy man, deserted by human pride, and untaught
 to seek divine consolation and forgiveness, flies for relief
 to every species of vicious excess, and at last becomes a
 raving maniac. The gradual change of this horrible state
 of nature into the less fearful but yet more degraded con-
 dition of childish idiotism, is touched with a pencil which
 this most powerful painter alone possesses.

'Harmless at length th' unhappy man was found,
 The spirit settled, but the reason drown'd;
 And all the dreadful tempest died away
 To the dull stillness of the misty day.'

In this last stage of the afflicting history, and as a relief to
 the gloomy horror which it tends to inspire, one of those
 exquisitely touching traits of nature is introduced, which
 Mr. Crabbe knows how to command at pleasure, and
 which would alone be sufficient to stamp him with the
 rare character of a true and original poet.

'That gentle maid, whom once the youth had loved,
 Is now with mild religious pity moved;
 Kindly she chides his boyish flights, while he
 Will for a moment fix'd and pensive be;

And as she trembling speaks, his lively eyes
 Explore her looks, he listens to her sighs;
 Charm'd by her voice th' harmonious sounds invade
 His clouded mind, and for a time persuade:
 Like a pleased infant, who has newly caught
 From the maternal glance, a gleam of thought;
 He stands enrapt, the half-known voice to hear,
 And starts, half conscious, at the falling tear.'

The difficulty we have to encounter lies not in the discovery of passages of equal or even superior merit to those which we have already quoted, but to restrain ourselves from making such a transcript as would far exceed the bounds which it is necessary for us to observe. A few more extracts, however, we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of making; and they shall be strictly of an unconnected description, and selected without any reference to the tales from which they are taken.

The following picture of a sturdy Presbyterian and his family is one, we think, of unrivalled accuracy:

' Grave Jonas Kindred, Sybil Kindred's sire,
 Was six feet high, and look'd six inches higher;
 Erect, morose, determin'd, solemn, slow,
 Who knew the man, could never cease to know;
 His faithful spouse when *Jonas* was not by,
 Had a firm presence, and a steady eye;
 But with her husband dropp'd her look and tone,
 And *Jonas* rul'd unquestion'd and alone.

' He read, and oft would quote the sacred words,
 How pious husbands of their wives were lords;
 Sarah call'd Abraham lord! and who could be,
 So *Jonas* thought, a greater man than he?
 Himself he view'd with undisguis'd respect,
 And never pardon'd freedom or neglect.

' They had one daughter, and this favourite child
 Had oft the father of his spleen beguil'd;
 Sooth'd by attention from her early years,
 She gain'd all wishes by her smiles or tears:
 But Sybil then was in that playful time,
 When contradiction is not held a crime;
 When parents yield their children idle praise,
 For faults corrected in their after days.
 Peace in the sober house of *Jonas* dwelt,
 Where each his station and his duty felt:
 Yet not that peace some favour'd mortals find,
 In equal views and harmony of mind;
 Not the soft peace that blesses those who love,
 Where all with one consent in union move;

But it was that which one superior will
 Commands, by making all inferiors still;
 Who bids all murmurs, all objections cease,
 And with imperious voice, announces—Peace!

(*The Frank Courtship.*)

The more agreeable portrait of a young Quaker, which occurs in the same tale, is not at all less correct and characteristic.

' Sober he was, and grave from early youth,
 Mindful of forms, but more intent on truth;
 In a light drab he uniformly dress'd,
 And looks serene the unruff'd mind express'd;
 A hat with ample verge his brows o'erspread,
 And his brown locks curl'd graceful on his head:
 Yet might observers in his speaking eye
 Some observation, some acuteness spy;
 The friendly thought it keen, the treacherous deem'd it sly,
 Yet not a crime could foe or friend detect,
 His actions all were, like his speech, correct;
 And they who jested on a mind so sound,
 Upon his virtues must their laughter found:
 Chaste, sober, solemn, and devout, they named
 Him who was thus, and not of *this* ashamed.'

One picture more, and we will have done indeed. It is that of an old, feeble, weather-beaten sailor, who, after a life of unexampled diversity of incident, during which, he has at one time married and settled in a far-distant country, and is afterwards torn from his family, and cast away at last by accident on his native coast, is received and nursed by a good woman, to whom he was attached in his youth, but from whom he had been separated for a very long period of years without the slightest prospect of ever seeing her again. Her occupation, and his visionary retrospect, are thus described in the genuine language of the heart:

' Thus silent, musing through the day, he sees
 His children sporting by those lofty trees,
 Their mother singing in the shady scene,
 Where the fresh springs burst o'er the lively green. —
 So strong his eager fancy, he affrights
 The faithful widow by its powerful flights—
 For what disturbs him, he aloud will tell,
 And cry—" 'Tis she, my wife! my Isabel!"
 " Where are my children?" Judith grieves to hear
 How the soul works in sorrows so severe;
 Assiduous all his wishes to attend,
 Depriv'd of much, he yet may boast a friend;
 Watch'd by her care in sleep, his spirit takes
 Its flight, and watchful finds her when he wakes.

'Tis now her office, her attention see!

While her friend sleeps beneath that shading tree,
Careful, she guards him from the glowing heat,
And pensive muses at her Allen's feet.

' And where is he? Ah! doubtless in those scenes

Of his best days, amid the vivid greens,

Fresh and unnumber'd rills, where every gale

Breathes the rich fragrance of the neighb'ring vale;

Smiles not his wife, and listens as there comes

The night bird's music from the thick'ning glooms?

And as he sits with all these treasures nigh,

Blaze (Blazes?) not with fairy-light the phosphor fly,

When like a sparkling gem it wheels illumin'd by?

This is the joy that now so plainly speaks

In the warm transient flushing of his cheeks;

For he is list'ning to the fancied noise

Of his own children, eager in their joys:—

All this he feels; a dream's delusive bliss

Gives the expression, and the glow like this.

And now his Judith lays her knitting by

These strong emotions in her friend to spy;

For she can fully of their nature deem—

But see! he breaks the long-protracted theme,

And wakes and cries—"My God! 'twas but a dream!"

Without disputing any more than is necessary about words, for which, (as words merely,) we again repeat, we have no value, it does appear to us an extremely childish perversion of language to deny the praise of poetry to such passages as those we have now had the pleasure of laying before our readers. (But we are told that Mr. Crabbe is only the poet of reality, whose wish and aim it is to discard every thing like illusion; that, on the contrary, men fly to poetry for the express purpose of getting rid of reality; that the office of poetry is to flatter the imagination merely; that the pleasures of poetry depend entirely on illusion, &c. &c. all which, with great submission, appears to us the most absurd and inconsiderate jargon; the meaning of which, (if any meaning whatever can be collected from it) is, not simply that Mr. Crabbe is no poet, but that all didactic and all descriptive writers of all ages are equally to be excluded from that denomination; that Pope is a mere stringer of verses—nay, more, that (with the exception of a few flights of imagination which we find scattered in their works,) Homer and Shakspeare are equally undeserving of the title; and, moreover, that there is no writer past or present among all those, whom the common consent of the world has classed among the

poets, who is not improperly so classed, with the saving (perhaps) of Mr. Southey alone. But Mr. Crabbe does not stand in need of the poor defence of hyperbole against a charge so very hyperbolic. He answers it himself much more satisfactorily than we can pretend to do it for him.

‘In whatever degree I may venture to differ from any others in my notions of the qualifications and character of the true poet, I most cordially assent to their opinion who assert that his principal exertions must be made to engage the attention of his readers; and further I must allow that the effect of poetry should be to lift the mind from the painful realities of actual existence, and from its every-day concerns, and its perpetually occurring vexations, and to give it repose by substituting objects in their place which it may contemplate with some degree of interest and satisfaction: but what is there in all this, which may not be effected by a fair representation of existing character? Nay, by a faithful delineation of those painful realities, those every-day concerns, and those perpetually occurring vexations themselves, provided they be not (which is hardly to be supposed) the very concerns and distresses of the reader? For when it is admitted that they have no particular relation to him, but are the troubles and anxieties of other men, they excite and interest his feelings as the imaginary exploits, adventures, and perils of romance; they soothe his mind, and keep his curiosity pleasantly awake; they appear to have enough of reality to engage his sympathy, but possess not interest sufficient to create painful sensations. Fiction itself, we know, and every work of fancy, must for a time have the effect of realities; nay, the very enchanters, spirits, and monsters of Ariosto and Spenser must be present to the mind of the reader while he is engaged in their operations, or they would be as the objects and incidents of a nursery tale to a rational understanding, altogether despised and neglected: in truth, I can but consider this pleasant effect upon the mind of the reader, as depending neither upon the events related (whether they be actual or imaginary,) nor upon the characters introduced (whether taken from life or fancy), but upon the manner in which the poem itself is conducted; let that be judiciously managed, and the occurrences actually copied from life will have the same happy effect as the inventions of a creative fancy; while, on the other hand, the imaginary persons and incidents to which the poet has given “*a local habitation and a name,*” will make upon the concurring feelings of the reader, the same impressions with those taken from truth and nature, because they will appear to be derived from that source, and, therefore, of necessity will have a similar effect.’ Preface, p. xx.

But although the defence of Mr. Crabbe is easy, and has been in his own hands (as we consider,) most complete,

against a censure so indiscriminate and extravagant, there is no writer who enjoys a similar degree of reputation with himself, equally obnoxious to fair and honest criticism on points with regard to which his own rules of poetry will afford him no justification. It is true that we feel no *actual* pain in what does not concern ourselves; but Mr. Crabbe will not pretend to say that the imagination may not be painfully affected by the mere relation of what does not immediately concern the individual; and if the manner in which the imagination is affected be *merely* painful, we presume he will not attempt to deny that the means by which that effect is produced are contrary to the true end and purpose of poetry. It is most truly remarked that distress, in order to be interesting, must be unattended with disgust; that there is 'a degree of depravity which counteracts our sympathy with suffering, and of insignificance which extinguishes our interest in guilt.' It has also been observed, and that by no unfriendly critic, that no poet has ever sinned so deeply in violation of this rule as the author now before us. The present volume contains much less of what is strictly obnoxious to this censure than either of his former works. The subjects of which it treats are raised one step higher in the scale of humanity. The 'depraved, abject, diseased, and neglected poor,' are no longer the objects which he employs his pencil to pourtray; and, in a less abject view of society, that of our yeomanry, our mechanics, little tradesmen, and inferior gentry, there rarely presents itself to our view any picture of unmixed disgust and uninteresting depravity. Yet such characters as those which are designed in 'the Mother,' 'Squire Thomas,' 'the Learned Boy,' and perhaps some few more of these pieces, can hardly be considered as entirely free from the objection to which we now refer. We have one further remark to make as to the class of subjects which he has now chosen for the exercise of his talents; and that is, that while it tends, in a great degree, to exempt him from the force of the objection which has been so frequently made to his former writings, it has an equal tendency to diminish one of the principal sources of the gratification which his readers have hitherto derived from him. The characters and habits, the vices and sufferings of the poor, possessed much of that interest which is attached to novelty—to the description of scenes which, though familiar as to the sort of sympathy which they are intended to excite, are nevertheless, not *personally* familiar, or of constant and

every-day occurrence to the generality of readers. Every step which the poet advances in the rank of his subjects, approaches them nearer to that of his readers; the charm of novelty is altogether wanting to the description of scenes which resemble those of our own fire-sides; and it is in treating of the characters and habits of the middle ranks of society, that the relief of fable and incident to diversify the narrative becomes more than ever indispensable.

Another topic of censure to which this poet has exposed himself, the force of which, the present volume is rather calculated to augment than to obviate, is his indiscriminate love of minute detail, of unnecessary, uninteresting, *prosing* circumstance. We do not agree with those who deny the closeness of the analogy which has been generally conceived to exist between the arts of poetry and painting, and, without going to China for our illustration, shall be content to acquiesce in the strong resemblance which has been pointed out between the style of Crabbe's descriptive poetry and that of what is called the Dutch school of painting. But the best masters of that school are at least as remarkable for the force, brilliancy, and (to employ a metaphor which the subject seems to justify,) the *terseness* of their execution, as for the minuteness of detail which is their most prominent quality; and the poet, who forgetting this important ingredient, squanders himself away in tedious and flat circumstantiality, may indeed resemble *the school* to which he is assimilated in the eyes of the superficial and tasteless observer, but will never be ranked by the connoisseur or the critic on the same level with Teniers, Ostade, or Vandevelde. It is not his love of minuteness and detail which ought to be objected to Mr. Crabbe, but his want of taste and discrimination in rendering those qualities subservient to the general effect of his picture. The '*distinct locality and imaginary reality*' which this faculty of particularizing is said to confer, may be obtained at too great an expence of the time and patience of the reader. At all events, what possible advantage is gained to the interest of, for instance, the *Lover's Journey*, by his telling us in measured prose that the gentleman whom he calls Orlando, was really christened John, and that his mistress's appellation in the parish register was not Laura, but Susan; and that the more poetical names of Orlando and Laura were conferred on them not by their god-fathers and god-mothers, but by those ideal worthies, love and fancy? Of what

possible importance is it that the contested election which gave rise to the connection, the consequences of which are so feelingly and exquisitely pourtrayed in the tale of 'The Patron,' was carried on between Sir Godfrey Ball and Lord Frederick Damer, the son of the Earl of Fitzdonnell? And a thousand other the like insignificant and impertinent pieces of newspaper information?

There is an easy familiarity which, when kept within decent bounds, is a peculiarly fit vehicle for the introduction of a long narration; and Dryden may, in this particular, have served Mr. Crabbe for a model worthy of imitation. But vulgarity is far removed from that frank good-humoured air which tends to ingratiate the reader at the outset, and to give him precisely that complacent impression with which it is the poet's interest that he should proceed. The impression which Mr. Crabbe's blunt ploughman-like familiarity is calculated to produce is very different, and if he had displayed the same disgusting and repulsive coarseness in the introductions to his earlier works, that he has since suffered to grow upon him, bold indeed must have been the man who could have ventured to explore the hidden treasures of so unpromising a superficies. The commencement of almost every tale in this collection is in this perverted taste:

'Gwynn was a farmer, whom the farmers all,
Who dwelt around, the *gentleman* would call.'

'A borough bailiff, who to law was train'd,
A wife and sons in decent state maintain'd.'

'Grave Jonas Kindred, Sybil Kindred's sire,
Was six feet high, and look'd six inches higher.'

'To farmer Moss, in Langar Vale, came down
His only daughter, from her school in town—'

'Of a fair town, where Dr. Rack was guide,' &c.

'Squire Thomas flatter'd long a wealthy aunt,' &c.

'A serious toyman in the city dwelt,
Who much concern for his religion felt.'

'Than old George Fletcher, on the British coast
Dwelt not a seaman who had more to boast.
Kind, simple, and sincere,—he seldom spoke,
But sometimes sang and chorus'd "*Hearts of Oak!*"'

'An honest man was farmer Jones, and true,
He did by all, as all by him should do.'

What reader, unacquainted with Mr. Crabbe's previous reputation, would think of reading a single line more of

an author who forces himself into his notice with such vulgar effrontery, and who thinks to gain by repelling him, like the beggar at the corner of the street who thrusts his stump of an arm into the passenger's face, in order to compel his attention and extort his alms? Who does not turn from the obtrusive mendicant in disgust, and escape his importunities if the swiftness of his feet will only enable him to elude them?

We forbear to instance any of the passages in which the same offensive vulgarity arrests or startles us in almost every page of some, and occasionally even in his best and most interesting pieces. Another observation to which he is fairly liable, is that his very virtues are often pushed to such an excess as to become glaring and capital defects. For instance, he has been commended for his force and compression, his sententious brevity and manly strength of language. It is singular enough that in the same author such admirable qualities as those which we have just cited, and their very opposites, of tame languid diffuseness, and 'namby-pamby feebleness,' should be found co-existent. Yet so it certainly is with Mr. Crabbe. We have now, however, only to do with the former, and to say (that he sometimes pushes those very excellencies for which he has been justly admired, to their vicious extremes of abrupt conciseness, quaint mannerism, and antithetical jingle.) They even carry him so low as to the mean pedestrian vice of punning; and that species of *wit* which is habitually condemned, even in the freedom of conversation, is thus, (we believe,) for the first time, introduced into the regions of serious, descriptive, or didactic, poetry.)

It has been remarked that he is always at ease, but that his ease is rather that of confident carelessness than of good breeding. This reflection is too general, and by no means universally applicable. We are quite sure that many passages of all his works have been deeply studied, and (if we mistake not) some have been many times written and re-written before they were committed to the press. Nevertheless, he is very often, we may perhaps say most generally, careless both of his thoughts and language to an extent that we have seldom seen paralleled in any writer who has so much value for his reputation as Mr. Crabbe undoubtedly possesses.

All these defects, however, when collected together, cannot counterbalance the many claims which Mr. Crabbe possesses upon our admiration and gratitude. (The worst perhaps is that they are so glaringly obvious to the whole

world, while his beauties are of a nature which few, comparatively speaking, know how properly to estimate. His style is more apt to provoke the dangerous ridicule of parody than that of any poet of the present day. The very best of poets, may be and have been parodied, but not till long after their merits have been sufficiently understood and established, to bear the severest test of ridicule. Mr. Crabbe only irresistably incites the reader to the exercise of this species of wit, even while he is fresh from the first perusal of him. The disadvantage attending the excitement of such a propensity is obvious. Thousands are endowed with a sense of ridicule, while a hundred only possess a refined and intelligent taste; and out of that more select number, perhaps there are very few who are able to resist the influence of ridicule when once excited. Ridicule is not, nor ever ought to be made, the test either of moral or of political truth—nevertheless no man should be so confident either in his virtue or his talents as to venture wantonly to incur its hostility.

ART. II.—*Junius: including Letters by the same Writer, under other Signatures, now first collected. To which are added his confidential Correspondence with Mr. Wilkes, and his private Letters addressed to Mr. H. S. Woodfall. With a preliminary Essay, Notes, Fac-similes, &c. in Three Volumes. London: Mawman, 1812. £2. 2s.*

IT will be our principal object in the following article to notice in the present complete edition of the letters of Junius, the new matter which is mentioned in the title, and particularly that part of it which appears to throw new light on the character of the mysterious author, or to show his sentiments on some subjects of great national interest and importance.

In the valuable preliminary essay, which Mr. Woodfall has prefixed to this edition, though he has not been able to fix the authorship of the letters, yet he has incontestably proved that it does not belong to any one of the persons to whom they have been hitherto ascribed. If Mr. W. therefore have failed in developing the real author, he has, at least shown, that the swarm of persons who have been suspected of being the authors,

had no claim whatever to that honourable imputation. The following are the persons who have been occasionally asserted to have been the authors of these far-famed political essays:—Charles Lloyd; John Roberts; Samuel Dyer; William Gerard Hamilton; Edmund Burke; Dr. Butler, late bishop of Hereford, the Rev. Philip Rosenhagen; Major General Charles Lee; John Wilkes; Hugh Macauley Boyd; John Dunning, Lord Ashburton; Henry Flood; and Lord George Sackville. The pretensions of these several persons to the credit of the letters which appeared under the signature of Junius, are examined by Mr. Woodfall with much sagacity and discrimination.

From various *data*, which are furnished by the letters of Junius or by his private and confidential correspondence, Mr. Woodfall infers that

‘the author of the Letters of Junius was an Englishman of highly cultivated education, deeply versed in the language, the laws, the constitution and history of his native country: that he was a man of easy if not of affluent circumstances, of unsullied honour and generosity, who had it equally in his heart and in his power to contribute to the necessities of other persons, and especially of those who were exposed to trouble of any kind on his own account: that he was in habits of confidential intercourse; if not with the different members of the cabinet, with politicians who were most intimately familiar with the court, and entrusted with all its secrets: that he had attained an age which would allow him without vanity, to boast of an ample knowledge and experience of of the world: that during the years 1767, 1768, 1769, 1770, 1771 and part of 1772, he resided almost constantly in London and its vicinity, devoting a very large portion of his time to political concerns, and publishing his political lucubrations under different signatures, in the public Advertiser; that in his natural temper, he was quick, irritable and impetuous; subject to political prejudices and strong personal animosities; but possessed of a high independent spirit; honestly attached to the principles of the constitution, and fearless and indefatigable in maintaining them; that he was strict in his moral conduct, and in his attention to public decorum; an avowed member of the established church, and, though acquainted with English judicature, not a lawyer by profession.’

The first communication for the Public Advertiser which Mr. H. S. Woodfall received from the unknown author of the Letters of Junius, though under a different signature, was on the 28th of April in the

year 1767. This letter is subscribed Publicola, and is preceded by a quotation from a Latin Classic. It contains a vague and indefinite charge of despotic views against Lord Chatham. His lordship is represented as entertaining the most arbitrary intentions, and designing to tyrannize both over the prince and the people. It appears on the whole a very weak, futile, and scurrilous composition; but there are one or two passages in the manner of the future Junius; as for instance the following. 'The office of a Grand Vizir is inconsistent with a limited monarchy, and can never subsist long but by its destruction.'

In the letter entitled Anti-Sejanus, jun. dated 24th June, 1767, we descry some little of the phraseology, vigour and causticity of Junius. He says of the then ministry,

'They seem to have come together by a sort of fortuitous concurrence, and have hitherto done nothing else but jumble and jostle one another without being able to settle into any one regular or consistent figure. I am not however such an atheist in politics as to suppose that there is not somewhere an original creating cause which drew these atoms forth into existence.' * * *

In this and in some of the other letters the diction and allusions are rather coarse and ungentlemanly; but the language of invective must always make a greater or less approximation to that of Billingsgate. The following is not worthy of Junius. He is talking of Lord Chatham's uniting himself with Lord Bute. * * * 'To become the stalking-horse of a stallion, to shake hands with a Scotchman at the hazard of *catching*' (the same letter makes use of the word *itch* in the *Scotch sense*,) 'all his infamy,' &c. &c.

In Letter IV. in the miscellaneous part of this collection, signed 'A faithful Monitor,' and dated 25th August, 1767, more than a year before the writer assumed the title of Junius, he says, speaking of Lord Townshend and his brother the honourable Charles Townshend. 'I am not a stranger to this *par nobile fratrum*. I have served under the one, and have been forty times promised to be served by the other.' If we suppose this 'faithful Monitor,' of 1767 to be the same with the Junius of 1769, &c. the writer here has certainly designated his profession, which must have been the military, as we cannot conceive in what other capacity he could have served under Lord Townshend. But was this in the

regular army or the militia; for Lord Townshend had, we believe, been employed in both? At the time in which the letter, in which this intimation is given, was written, the Honourable Charles Townshend was Chancellor of the Exchequer. In what way was it likely that Junius had *'been forty times promised to be served'* by this gentleman? Had he been soliciting place or favour for himself or his friend? He speaks of both Lord Townshend and his brother as persons whom he well knew, and whom he has distinctly characterized, but with more malignity than truth. Indeed we must confess that, when Junius drew the portrait of any of his adversaries, he spared no pains to aggravate their defects, or to magnify them to such a size as to conceal every virtue they might possess. He observed no bounds in his antipathies, and was what has sometimes been called *'a good hater'*; but a good hater is not often a very scrupulous adherent to truth. Ill will can seldom attain its gratification, without making falsehood an auxiliary in its enmities. Political writers, like poets, seem to think themselves entitled to employ fiction whenever the purpose cannot be served by truth. Junius has used this poetical license with less reserve than most of the labourers in the same honourable vocation; and we are inclined to think that, if we were to take from his Letters all their exaggerated statements and malicious misrepresentations, all the piquant obloquy and personal defamation, hardly stimulus enough would be left to preserve these celebrated productions from indifference and neglect.

We must, at the same time, remark that, whatever may be the merit of the letters, they owed and still owe much of the celebrity which they have obtained, and much of the interest with which they are read, to the impenetrable secrecy in which the author had the dexterity to envelop his real name and character. The old adage of *'omne ignotum pro magnifico est'*, is very applicable to the mystery, which has been so long thrown over the authorship of these performances, and which does not seem now likely ever to be entirely removed. Junius himself had sufficient sagacity to discern this, and to know that he would appear a man of more gigantic stature and proportions in the mist of obscurity, than if he were to shew himself, as he was, in his proper form in the full day-light of general observation.

In one of his private letters to Mr. Wilkes, published in the first volume of this edition, p. * 314. Junius says, 'I willingly accept of as much of your friendship as you can impart to a man whom you will assuredly never know. Besides every personal consideration, if I were known, I could no longer be an useful servant to the public. *At present there is something oracular in the delivery of my opinions. I speak from a recess which no human curiosity can penetrate, and darkness, we are told, is one source of the sublime.* THE MYSTERY OF JUNIUS INCREASES HIS IMPORTANCE.'

Of all the persons to whom the Letters of Junius have been at different times ascribed, the authorship has usually been supposed to have been brought nearest to Lord George Sackville. Sir William Draper, we are told by Mr. Woodfall, vol. 1. p. *160, 'divided his suspicions between this nobleman and Mr. Burke, and upon the personal and unequivocal denial of the latter, he transferred them entirely to the former.' Amongst his private letters to Mr. Woodfall, No. 5 p. *174, vol. 1. Junius says, that a person of the name of Swinney, a correspondent of Mr. W.'s had 'had the impudence to go to Lord G. Sackville, *whom he had never spoken to*, and to ask him whether or no he was the author of Junius.' * * * Now, says Mr. Woodfall, 'Junius was informed of Swinney's having called upon Lord George Sackville, a few hours after his call, and he knew that, *before this time he had never spoken to him in his life.*' This circumstance seems to prove either that Junius knew Lord George, or that Lord George was Junius. But it is certainly possible that Junius might have come at the above information without knowing either Lord George or his family. Junius, for instance, might have known Mr. Swinney without Mr. Swinney's knowing Junius. A passage however in vol. 11. p. 491, in which Junius makes no very pleasant allusion to the *cowardice* of Lord George Sackville, seems to prove that he was not the author of the letters; for *cowardice* is not a defect which Lord G. was likely to have ascribed to himself, as one of the tricks by which he endeavoured to avert the suspicion of being the author of the letters.

Junius has said that he was the sole depositary of his own secret; but this seems inconsistent with a passage in one of his private letters to Mr. Woodfall, in which he says, vol. I. *199,

'Sir, The last letter you printed was idle and improper, and I assure you printed *against my own opinion.* The truth is,

there are people about me, whom I would wish not to contradict, and who had rather see Junius in the papers, though ever so improperly than not at all.

This evidently supposes that there were some of the author's family or friends, whose importunities, at least in the instance mentioned in this letter, caused him to publish what he himself thought was not sufficiently matured for public animadversion. We once heard a learned friend declare that he suspected Junius to have been private secretary to Mr. George Grenville; who, by-the-bye, as Mr. Woodfall remarks, vol. 1. p. *81, is never censured in the letters, but 'is extolled whenever an opportunity offers.' Junius even approved of that measure of Mr. G. Grenville, which was the primary source of the discontents which finally led to the separation of America from the British empire. We need not mention the 'stamp act,' which, though afterwards, repealed, had existed long enough to excite a spirit of disaffection in America to this country, which could not afterwards be extinguished; and which the subsequent folly and intemperance of the English government fostered till it burst into open rebellion against the mother country. Mr. Woodfall lays some stress on the declaration of Junius, vol. 1. p. 193, that he had no *personal knowledge* of Mr. George Grenville. Considering the mystery in which Junius laboured to envelop the author of the Letters, such a declaration has a very suspicious appearance, and was probably not true. Mr. George Grenville is not praised in these volumes in the way that a man usually praises those whom he does not know, or by whom he has not been obliged or does not hope to be obliged. We do not write to clear up this mystery. We only throw out hints, by which those may profit, who have more leisure than we have for such elucidations.

The different parcels, letters, &c. which Mr. H. S. Woodfall had occasion to communicate to Junius, during the period in which he wrote under that name in the Public Advertiser, were left at different coffee-houses, and were commonly directed for,

'Mr. William Middleton, or Mr. John Fretly, and the more common places of address were the bar of the Somerset coffee-house, of the New Exchange, or Munday's in Maiden Lane, the waiters of which were occasionally feed for their punctuality. But these too were varied for other names and places of abode as circumstances might dictate. By what

conveyance Junius obtained his letters and parcels from the places, at which they were left for him, is not very clearly ascertained.'

From a passage in one of his private letters, No. 10. and from the declaration in the dedication to his own edition of his Letters, that he was at that time the *sole depositary of his own secret*,

'It should seem,' says Mr. Woodfall, 'that he had also been uniformly his own messenger: yet in his private letter of January 18th, 1772, he observes, the gentleman who transacts the *conveyancing part of our correspondence*, tells me there was much difficulty last night.'

'In truth the difficulty and danger of his constantly performing his own errand must have been extreme: and it is more reasonable therefore to suppose that he employed some person on whom he could place an implicit reliance; while to avoid the apparent contradiction between such a fact and that of his affirming that he was the sole depositary of his own secret, it is only necessary to conceive at the same time that the person thus confidentially employed, was not entrusted with the full scope and object of his agency*. He sometimes, as we learn from his own testimony, employed a common chairman as his messenger, and perhaps this after all, was the method most usually resorted to. That a variety of schemes were invented, and actually in motion to detect him, there can be no doubt, but the extreme vigilance he at all times evinced, and the honourable forbearance of Mr. Woodfall, enabled him to baffle every effort, and to persevere in his concealment to the last. 'Your letter,' says he in one of his private notes, 'was twice refused last night, and the waiter as often attempted to see the person who sent for it.'

We will now extract a few detached passages from the private letters of Junius to Mr. Woodfall and to Mr. Wilkes. In a letter to Mr. Woodfall of Nov. 12, 1770, when he sent him Letter XLI. to Lord Mansfield, he says, 'the enclosed, though begun within these few days, has been greatly laboured. It is very correctly copied.' By

* 'Mr. Jackson, the present respectable proprietor of the Ipswich Journal, was at this time in the employment of the late Mr. Woodfall, and he observed to the editor, in September last, that he once saw a tall gentleman dressed in a light coat with a bag and sword, throw into the office door opening in Ivy Lane, a letter of Junius's, which he picked up and followed the bearer of it into St. Paul's Church-yard, when he got into a hackney coach and drove off. But whether this was "the gentleman who conducted the conveyancing part," or Junius himself, it is impossible to ascertain.'

whom? and if by any body but himself, how could he have been, according to his own statement, *the sole depository of his own secret*? If it were copied by himself, did he do it in a disguised or in his usual hand? If in his usual hand, that must, from his circumstances and situation in life, have been known to numbers;—if in a disguised, what hand can be so effectually disguised as in one or two volumes of letters not frequently to betray the ordinary and general characteristic penmanship of the writer? By-the-bye, we will stop to remark that the above mentioned letter to Lord Mansfield, which Junius says, ‘has been *greatly laboured*,’ does not appear to have been one of his happiest performances. There is a stiffness about it which betrays the pains, by which it was produced; and indeed few of his letters, however much they may have been polished, are polished into ease. The labour is always too apparent. It is at times so great as to be felt during the perusal. Junius evidently thought the letter to Lord Mansfield, which is the subject of our remarks, a masterpiece of his pen, or rather a sort of executioner which was to destroy the judge. ‘We have got the rascal down,’ says he, ‘let us strangle him if it be possible.’

No. 28, of the private letters to Mr. H. S. Woodfall, dated January 16, 1771, furnishes a proof that Junius had access to the best sources of political information, and renders it probable that he had either personally, or by means of his friends, an insight into the intentions of the cabinet at that period.

‘You may assure the public that a squadron of four ships of the line is ordered to be got ready with *all possible expedition* for the East Indies. It is to be commanded by Commodore Spry. Without regarding the language of ignorant or interested people, depend upon the assurance *I* give you, that *every man in administration looks upon war as inevitable*.’

The editor tells us that though,
 ‘the predicted war did not follow, the preparation was actually made in the full belief, on the part of the cabinet themselves, that they would be compelled to go to war by the existing temper of the people, irritated by the dishonourable negotiation concerning the Spanish seizure of Falkland Islands.’
 * * *

Junius does not speak of the sovereign with less contempt and bitterness in his private, than in his public cor-

respondence. Thus, in No. 33 of the letters to Woodfall, he says, in allusion to some communication for the Public Advertiser, which Mr. W. hesitated to insert, * * 'As to the satirical part I must tell you, and *with positive certainty*, that our gracious ——— is as callous as stockfish to every thing but the reproach of *cowardice*. That alone is able to set the humours afloat. After a paper of that kind he wont eat meat for a week.'

See a circumstance mentioned in a note to letter xxxviii. and in vol. 2, p. 130 of this edition.

In No. 35 of the private correspondence, Junius thus speaks, with all the parental fondness of authorship, of his letter No. xlix. to the Duke of Grafton. 'I am strangely partial to the enclosed. It is finished with the utmost care. If I find myself mistaken in my judgment of this paper, I positively will never write again.' This hyperbole of self-satisfaction made us curious to read again the letter to which it referred. We have read it again and again, and must confess that we cannot coincide with the author in the opinion of its transcendent excellence. It appears to us by no means a composition of such high merit as Junius imagined. The author seems for some time at a loss which to abuse most, the duke or the king; but, at last, his loyalty prevails, and majesty is suffered to have the preponderance of invective. In this letter, part of the *sneer*, though studiously elaborated, is rather defective in point; and some of the abuse, considering the persons against whom it is directed, is of the coarsest kind. The invective of Junius is not always the unerring bolt of Jove; it sometimes partakes of the vague aspersions of a fish woman.

From p. *228 of vol. 1, we learn that David Garrick having in Nov. 1771, received an intimation from Mr. Woodfall that it was doubtful whether 'Junius would continue to write much longer,' the officious player flew with the intelligence to Mr. Ramus, one of the pages, who instantly communicated it to the king. It is not a little extraordinary, that Junius was made acquainted with the whole transaction on the ensuing morning. On this occasion Junius wrote a note of formidable menace to Garrick, in which are these words. * * * 'Mark me, vagabond, 'Keep to your pantomimes, or be assured you shall hear of it; meddle no more thou busy informer! It is in my power to make you curse the hour in which you dared interfere with Junius.'

The following sentiment from No. 44, Vol. 1, p. 237,

marks the man of attentive moral observation. 'After long experience of the world, I affirm before God, *I never knew a rogue who was not unhappy.*' Our experience may not have been so long and various as that of Junius, but as far as it has extended, we have never seen a single case which could be brought as an exception to the remark. The moral world always sooner or later identifies improbity with self-loathing and disquietude.

We select the following remark from the first of the private letters to Mr. Wilkes, vol. 1, p. *264.

'It is a very common mistake in judgment, and a very dangerous one in conduct, first to look for nothing in the argument proposed to us, but the motive of the man who uses it, and then to measure the truth of his argument by the motive we have assigned to him.'

This is more *recherchée* than many passages in Junius, who does not abound in those sentences which mark a profoundly reflective mind, so much as in those, which indicate a capacity to flit over the moral surface of human affairs, and to catch those observations which appear to swim on the superficies of life.

The following remark on Mr. Alderman Sawbridge, in the same letter, evinces much discrimination. * * * 'If I am not greatly mistaken his virtues have not ostentation enough for the ordinary uses of party, and they lead rather to the esteem of individuals than to popular opinion.'—Junius strongly urges Mr. Wilkes to a union with this Mr. Sawbridge.

The second letter to Mr. Wilkes, No. 66, in the private correspondence, and dated 7th September, 1771, contains some important strictures on the resolutions which had been passed in the preceding July by the 'Bill of Rights Society.' In this letter Junius asks, 'Can any man in his senses affirm, that, as things are now circumstanced in this country, it is possible to *exterminate corruption?*' at which the bill of Rights Society seem to have aimed in one of their resolutions respecting a *place* and *pension* bill. Junius disapproves of the resolution to restore *annual* parliaments; but says that the English nation ought to insist on *triennial*. He approves of Lord Chatham's project for adding to the number of knights of shires. The following is what he says respecting the destruction of the *rotten boroughs*.

'As to cutting away the rotten boroughs, I am as much offended as any man at seeing so many of them under the direct influence of the crown, or at the disposal of private persons,

yet I own I have both doubts and apprehensions in regard to the remedy you propose. I shall be charged, perhaps, with an unusual want of political intrepidity, when I honestly confess to you that I am startled at the idea of so extensive an amputation. In the first place I question the power *de jure* of the legislature to disfranchise a number of boroughs upon the general ground of improving the constitution. There cannot be a doctrine more fatal to the liberty and property we are contending for, than that which confounds the idea of a *supreme* and an *arbitrary* legislature. I need not point out to you the fatal purposes to which it has been, and may be applied. If we are sincere in the political creed we profess, there are many things which we ought to affirm cannot be done by king, lords, and commons. Among these I reckon the disfranchising a borough with a general view to improvement. I consider it as equivalent to robbing the parties concerned of their freehold, of their birthright. I say that although this birthright may be forfeited, or the exercise of it suspended in particular cases, it cannot be taken away by a general law, for any real or pretended purpose of improving the constitution. I believe there is no power in this country to make such a law.' * * *

Junius proceeds to reason, if reasoning it may be called, in the same vague, weak, and irrelevant manner, for a page or two more, which we shall not quote; and in the conclusion he talks of 'the *nugatory* privilege of sending members to parliament.' On these last words we shall remark that, if this privilege be nugatory, then political liberty must be nugatory too, for that liberty is dependent on the representation of the people in parliament. But, before we conclude this article, we must animadvert a little more minutely on what Junius has said respecting the power of the legislature *de jure* to remove the rotten parts of the constitution.

If Junius had been bred in the school of Mr. Locke, he must have heard it inculcated that all government is instituted for the good, not of particular individuals, but of the whole community over which it rules. If this be the object and the end of government, then such alterations may certainly be introduced into its form and constitution as are consistent with that object, and that end, or with the public interest. The public interest is the rule of right in all the changes which are made in the political machine. What the public interest clearly and forcibly requires to be done, it is not only the *right* but the *duty* of the government to do. Now, supposing the rotten boroughs to be really injurious to the public interest, or dangerous to the freedom and happiness of the commu-

nity, we see nothing which can *de jure* prevent the legislature from getting rid of that nuisance, any more than of any other national evil or inconvenience. What are called the *rotten boroughs* were once rich and populous places, and were, on that account, empowered to send representatives to parliament; that they might not be *taxed* without *their own consent*. Why then should they be suffered to retain the privilege of sending members to parliament, when they have ceased to retain the reasons for which that privilege was conferred? or when they have ceased to have either houses or taxable inhabitants? If a town were several centuries ago suffered to send members to parliament, because it was a place of great trade and wealth, there can be no reason why it should retain that privilege when it has been converted into a barren solitude. The argument of Junius against the power of the legislature *de jure*, to disfranchise a single borough for the sake of general improvement, would go the length of putting an end to all national improvements whatever, which in the least interfered with the rights or emoluments, or 'the freeholds and birthrights' of individuals. But all the general improvements in this country are founded on the postponement of private right to public interest, of partial and local to general and national advantage. How else came the country to be pervaded by turnpike roads or intersected by canals? Do not these often produce much inconvenience to individuals? Are they not often carried through private property? Do they not sometimes necessitate houses to be pulled down, or gardens to be laid waste? But says the objector, in these cases a compensation is made to individuals. And is there no compensation which can be made to the proprietors of rotten boroughs? Did not Mr. Pitt propose to do this? And if this be done, may not their disfranchisement be productive of great good to the community without any injury to individuals?

ART. III.—*Memoirs of Frederica Sophia Wilhelmina, Princess Royal of Prussia, Margravine of Bareith, Sister of Frederic the Great. Written by herself. Translated from the original French.* London: Colburn, 1812. 8vo. 2 Vols. £1. 1s.

IN the advertisement to these memoirs by the French editor, it is said that the margravine had bequeathed them to the

'privy counsellor M. de Superville, her first physician, who constantly refused to allow them to be published.' After his death they became the property of an intimate friend of the editor, who immediately consented to their publication. These memoirs commence with the year 1706, and come down to the end of 1742. They have no doubt been continued to a much later period, since the margravine states her intention to record the most memorable events of the reign of her brother; but this part of her manuscript has not yet been discovered.

These volumes are objects of particular curiosity, from the vivid and artless manner in which they lay open the interior of the court of Frederic William I. They delineate the personal animosities, the petty intrigues, the domestic feuds, by which it was agitated. They paint the character of the royal father of the margravine in no very amiable light. They show him, at times, as a monster of barbarity, treating his wife and children with savage cruelty, and once on the point of putting his son Frederic to death, merely for attempting to escape from the outrage and indignities to which he was continually subjected by the capricious barbarity of his father. If our readers desire to peep into the inside of a court, and see what a dearth it presents both of virtue and of happiness, they cannot do better than to read these volumes, in which the picture is faithfully delineated by one who cannot be suspected of any intention to libel the characters, or to misrepresent the general disposition and habits of kings and queens. Whatever the prejudices of the margravine may have been, they must, in some measure, have been on the side of royalty, of which she was one of the respectable scions, and which she certainly would not have deviated from truth in order to render ridiculous or contemptible.

The subject and the author of the present memoirs was born on the 3d of July, 1709. Her mother was Sophia Dorothea, a daughter of the elector of Hanover, afterwards George the First. The margravine describes her mother as a woman of unbounded ambition, and as having 'all the pride and haughtiness of the House of Hanover concentrated in her person.' The predominant passion of Frederic William, the father of the margravine, was to have a regiment of giants; and the surest way to obtain his favour was to send him tall men to be drilled into soldiers.

The margravine says that her father
'never paid so much attention to any of his children' as to her.
'But my brother,' says she, meaning her brother Frederic, after-

wards surnamed the Great, born on the 24th January, 1712, 'was odious to him, and never appeared before him but to be ill-used; this inspired the prince royal with an invincible fear of his father, which grew up with him even to the age of maturity.'

In an early part of the first volume, the margravine gives some curious details respecting the Czar Peter the Great, who stopped at Berlin in his route from Holland. Peter, by his own desire, was lodged in a summer-house belonging to the Queen of Prussia, called *Mon-Bijou*, in the suburbs of Berlin. The czar, with his spouse Catharine and his retinue arrived by water at *Mon-Bijou*.

'The king and the queen received them on their landing; and the king landed the czarina from the boat. The czar was no sooner landed, than he held out his hand to the king, and said: *I am glad to see you, brother Frederic*. He afterwards approached the queen with the intention to salute her; but she pushed him back. The czarina first kissed the queen's hands several times; and afterwards introduced to her the Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburgh, who had accompanied them, and four hundred pretended ladies of their suite. These were mostly German servant-girls, who officiated as maids of honour, waiting-maids, cooks, and washer-women. Almost every one of these creatures carried in her arms a richly dressed infant: and when they were asked, whether these children were their own? they answered, prostrating themselves in the Russian fashion: '*the czar has done me the honour to make me the mother of this child*.' * * *

'The czarina was short and stout, very tawny, and her figure was altogether destitute of gracefulness. Its appearance sufficiently betrayed her low origin. To have judged by her attire, one would have taken her for a German stage-actress. Her robe had been purchased at an old-clothes broker: it was made in the antique fashion, and heavily laden with silver and grease. The front of her stays was adorned with jewels, singularly placed: they represented a double eagle, badly set, the wings of which were of small stones. She wore a dozen orders and as many portraits of saints and relics, fastened to the facing of her gown: so that when she walked, the jumbling of all these orders and portraits one against the other, made a tinkling noise like a mule in harness.

'The czar, on the contrary, was very tall and pretty well made: his face was handsome, but his countenance had something savage about it, which inspired fear. He was dressed as a navy-officer, and wore a plain coat.'

When these royal visitors sat down at table, the czar placed himself near her Prussian majesty. The margravine mentions the following circumstance. She states that

Peter was subject at times to certain involuntary contractions of his muscles. On the present occasion he was seized with a paroxysm of this kind.

‘He made many contortions; and as he was violently gesticulating with a knife in his hand near the queen, the latter was afraid, and wanted several times to rise from her seat. The czar begged her to be easy, protesting that he should not do her any harm; and at the same time seized her hand, which he squeezed so violently that the queen screamed for mercy, which made him laugh heartily; and he observed that the bones of her majesty were more delicate than those of his Catharine.’

One of the strongest wishes of the Prussian queen was to have her daughter Wilhelmina, married to her cousin, the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Prince of Wales. A considerable portion of the first volume is occupied with details of the various intrigues which were employed to expedite or retard, to promote or prevent this project, which was several times on the point of being accomplished, but which was finally rendered abortive. It was particularly opposed by M. de Grumkow, the minister and favourite of the king of Prussia.

The margravine says of George the First, the grandfather of her then intended spouse, that

‘his generosity extended only to his favourites and mistresses, by whom he suffered himself to be governed; the rest of mankind were excluded. Since his accession to the crown, his haughtiness had become insupportable.’

The margravine relates, vol. 1, p. 100—1, that her father finding his health impaired, and his nerves shaken by the course of intemperance and debauchery in which he had indulged, had begun to have his mind fanaticised by the spiritual admonitions of Mr. Frank, a famous Methodist of that time. Under the influence of his ghostly counsels, the Prussian monarch had formed, or affected to have formed, a design of abdicating his crown, which, however, evaporated in smoke. According to the statement of his daughter, his Prussian majesty said that

‘He would reserve ten thousand dollars a year for himself; and retire with the queen and his daughters to Wusterhausen. There (added he) I shall worship God, and superintend my farm; whilst my wife and daughters regulate the concerns of the house.’—“You are clever (said he to me); you will take care of the linen and washing; Frederica, who is avaricious, shall be the storekeeper; Charlotte shall go to market to provide and purchase provisions; and my wife will nurse the little ones, and cook.”

The devotional sentiments of the Prussian monarch
CRIT. REV. Vol. 2, December, 1812. Q q

were not much improved by a visit, which, after taking the above ascetic resolution of renouncing the world and all its vanities, he made to the court of Dresden, which, as the margravine says, was

'then the most brilliant in Germany. Its magnificence was carried to excess. As it was the seat of all pleasures, it might justly be styled the island of Cytherea. The women were all lovely, and the courtiers uncommonly polite. The monarch kept a kind of seraglio of the most beautiful females of his dominions. At his death it was calculated that he had three hundred and fifty-four children by his mistresses. The whole court was modelled after his example: luxury there had its throne, and the two presiding divinities were Bacchus and Venus. The King of Prussia was not long there before he forgot his devotion; the debauches of the table and the wines of Hungary, soon revived his good humour. The obliging manners of the Polish monarch made him contract an intimate friendship with that prince. Grunkow, who did not forget his interest in the midst of pleasure, wished to avail himself of these good dispositions to inspire the king with a taste for mistresses: he imparted his design to the monarch of Poland, who undertook its execution.

'One evening when they had sacrificed to Bacchus, the King of Poland insensibly led the King of Prussia to a very richly decorated room, the furniture and ornaments of which were of exquisite taste. The King of Prussia, delighted with what he saw, stopped to contemplate all its beauties; when on a sudden a tapestry was rolled up, which procured him a very novel sight. It was a lovely female in a state of nudity, carelessly reclined on a couch. Her beauty excelled that of the finest pictures of Venus and the Graces; her body seemed of ivory, whiter than snow, and better shaped than that of the Venus de Medicis at Florence. The closet which contained this treasure, was illuminated with so many wax tapers that their dazzling light added a new splendour to the beauty of the nymph.'

We have alluded above to the brutalities which the Prussian monarch often practised towards his children, and particularly the author of the present memoirs and her brother Frederic. The following are specimens, which, at the same time, tend to show the coarse and boorish manners even of a court at that period. On one occasion when the king was laid up with the gout at Potsdam, he was attended in his illness by his son and daughter, on whom he seems to have been determined to inflict still greater pains than he endured himself.

'We were obliged,' says the margravine, 'to be in the king's room by nine o'clock in the morning: we dined there, and durst not leave it on any account. The king passed the whole day in aubsing my brother and me. He called me the *English baggage*,

and my brother the *rascally Frederic*. He forced us to eat and drink things which we disliked, or which disagreed with our constitutions; this ill-judged severity sometimes made us throw up in his presence all we had in our stomachs.'

'One morning, when we entered his room to pay him our respects, he sent us all back. "Get you gone," said he, in a passion, to the queen, "with your confounded brats; I wish to be alone."'

On one occasion, when the anger of the monarch was excited, the margravine says,

'He first threw a plate at the head of my brother, who avoided the blow; he then threw one at me, which I also avoided. A pelting storm of abuse followed. He flew into a rage at the queen, scolding her for the bad education she gave to her offspring; and turning to my brother, "you ought to curse your mother," said he; "she is the cause of your being so ill-bred."'

'We arose from table; and as we were obliged to pass close by him, he aimed a blow at me with one of his crutches, which I luckily avoided; else it would have felled me to the ground.'

* * *

On another occasion, the margravine says,

'The king starved my brother and myself: as he himself performed the office of carver, he helped every one at table except us; and when by chance there was a bit left in any dish, he spit in it to prevent our tasting of it.'

At this period, the writer of these memoirs says that the king never saw her brother 'without threatening him with his cane.' The repeated and incessant ill-usage of the king determined the prince to embrace the first opportunity of making his escape. The margravine earnestly dissuaded any such attempt, and more than once succeeded, by her forcible representations of its danger and folly, in preventing it from being made.

'What has driven me to despair,' said Frederic one day to his sister, 'is the adventure which I lately had at Potsdam, of which I have given no account to the queen, that I might not alarm her. As I was entering the room of the king in the morning, he instantly seized me by the hair, and threw me on the ground, and after having tried the vigour of his arms upon my poor body, he dragged me, in spite of my resistance, to a window, and was going to perform the office of the mutes of the seraglio; for, seizing the cord with which the curtain is fastened, he drew it round my neck. Fortunately I had time to get up from the ground; I laid hold of his hand, and screamed as loudly as I could. A valet immediately came to my assistance, and snatched me from his gripe. Every day I am exposed to the same perils.'

* * *

The prince royal did, after this, make the attempt which

he had often meditated; but it was frustrated by the treachery of a valet. It will naturally be supposed that with the violent temper and outrageous passions of the Prussian monarch, he would not neglect this pretext for wreaking his vengeance on his son for this supposed act of disobedience. When the monarch first saw him after hearing of his intended flight, 'he flew upon him and would have strangled him, had not General Valdo come to his assistance.'

The following is the manner in which the Prussian monarch notified this event to the queen:

'I have ordered the rascally Frederic to be arrested. I shall deal with him as his crime and his meanness require. I no longer acknowledge him for my son. He has dishonoured me and my house. Such a wretch does not deserve to live.'

There can be little doubt that the monarch for some time seriously entertained the design of putting his son to death. His conduct indeed was like that of a wild beast inflamed with rage, rather than of a being possessed of reason and elevated to a sphere where he ought to be seen as a god amongst men. In an interview of the king with his family, after the arrest of Frederic, the margravine says,

'We all ran up to him to kiss his hands: but he had scarcely cast his eyes upon me, when anger and fury overpowered him. He grew black, his eyes sparkled with rage, and he foamed at the mouth. "*Infamous baggage!*" said he to me, "*dare you show yourself before me? Go and keep company with your rascally brother.*" In uttering these words, he seized me with one hand, and struck me several times in the face with his fist: one of his blows fell upon my temples so violently, that I fell backwards, and should have split my head against a corner of the wainscot, had not Madam de Sonsfeld broke my fall by seizing me by my head-dress. I remained senseless on the ground.'

Frederic was examined and even threatened with the rack. He was removed to Custrin and 'his allowance was fixed at four groschen or sixpence sterling' a-day. M. de Katt, the prince's friend, who was to have accompanied him in his flight, was condemned to death, and the sentence was actually executed before the eyes of Frederic. Katt had been brought to Custrin, where the prince was confined on purpose that he might be compelled to behold this barbarous spectacle.

'General Lepel,' says the margravine, 'and President Munchow entered the prince's room in the morning a little before Katt appeared, and endeavoured to prepare the prince in the

best manner they could for this horrible scene. It is said that he was in such a state of despair and grief as had never before been witnessed. In the mean time Schenk was rendering the like friendly office to Katt. On entering the fortress he said to him: "continue firm, my dear Katt; you are going to undergo a severe trial; you are at Custrin, and you will see the prince royal." "Rather say," answered Katt, "that I am going to have the greatest consolation that could have been granted to me." With these words he ascended the scaffold. My unfortunate brother was then forced to stand at the window. He attempted to throw himself out of it; but was prevented. "*I intreat you, for heaven's sake,*" said the prince to those who were around him, "*delay the execution; I shall inform the king that I am ready to renounce my right to the crown, if his majesty will pardon Katt.*" M. de Munchow stopped the prince's mouth with a handkerchief. When the prince saw Katt, he exclaimed: "*how wretched I am, my dear Katt! I am the cause of your death. Would to heaven I were in your place!*"—"Ah!" replied Katt, "*if I had a thousand lives, I would sacrifice them all for your royal highness.*" At the same time he dropped on his knees. One of his servants attempted to blindfold him, but he would not suffer it, and elevating his thoughts to heaven, he ejaculated: "*my God! I commit my soul into thy hands!*" Scarcely had he pronounced these words, when his head, cut off at one blow, rolled at his feet. The trunk, in its fall, extended its arms towards the window where my brother had been; but he was there no longer: he had fainted away, and the gentlemen about him had laid him on his bed, where he remained senseless for some hours. When he recovered his senses, the first object that struck his eyes was the mangled corpse of poor Katt, which had been placed in such a manner that he could not avoid seeing it. This ghastly object threw him into a second swoon, which was succeeded by a violent fever. M. de Munchow, in spite of the orders of the king, let the curtains down, and sent for physicians, who found the prince in a very dangerous state.' * * *

With the account of this bloody tragedy we shall close our extracts from this work. The prince was not released from confinement till the marriage of his sister, to whom we are indebted for these memoirs, with the Prince of Bareith. The margravine has minutely detailed the circumstances of this marriage; after which her memoirs lose much of their interest, and become rather tedious and dull.

ART. IV.—*A historical Tour through Pembrokeshire.* By Richard Fenton, Esq. F. R. S. London: 1811, 4to. Longman and Co. £3. 13s. 6d.

MR. FENTON, as the reader may observe, has satisfied himself with a more modest title-page than the public are, in these days of vain boasting, accustomed to meet with; and the impression it made on us would have been very favourable to his character, had not a portrait of the author himself, on the opposite page, convinced us that its simplicity did not arise from a contempt of ostentation. In the days of great wigs, a portrait, especially if the effect was heightened by a full suit of canonicals, had a very imposing and awful effect, at the head of a school-book. The scholar intimidated by this venerable effigy, never thought of questioning the infallibility of his precepts; and the pedagogue himself laid on his birch with unrestrained rapture, when supported by the authority of so grave a personage. The book before us, however, is intended for readers of another description, whose judgment would be unbiassed even by the same physiognomy, the flowing wig, and clerical robes, of a Markham, what then can be expected from the figure of a good-natured looking gentleman in a white waistcoat and lapelled coat, his own hair neatly powdered, and, we conjecture, terminating, 'to us invisible,' in that most anticlassical and undignified exuberance, a tail!

If we have amused ourselves with the little burst of vanity which induced Mr. Fenton to exhibit his own portrait, a weakness which, except in authors of acknowledged eminence, will always lessen the original in the judgment of his readers; it becomes our duty to explain what we mean by the *modesty* of the title-page. We allude to the author's omitting the mention of above thirty engravings which ornament and illustrate the work; and chiefly from drawings by Sir R. C. Hoare.

Fortunately for the public, the value of an historical tour does not altogether depend upon the purity of its style; and we are prepared to concede a good deal to an antiquary whose mind is so stored with obsolete phrases that he cannot without great perplexity write like other people. A consciousness of this defect, has probably impelled Mr. Fenton into the opposite extreme of flippancy and affectation; and were we to admit the general

merit and usefulness of his book, it would be incumbent upon us to point this out as a far greater mischief, than those inelegancies of the *olden days*, on which he has so resolutely turned his back.

The author is in some respects well qualified for the task which he has undertaken. He is laborious, inquisitive, conversant with antiquarian history, and it appears, sufficiently known and respected to procure information and assistance from many of the distinguished families in the district which he describes. This last, it must be owned, is a very precarious advantage. A good-natured man can scarcely refrain from abusing it, by describing those objects which constitute the pride and happiness of his friends, rather as they intend them to appear, than as they really are. Thus we generally find that the 'men are all valiant, and the women virtuous;' that all houses with pointed windows, are 'in the true gothic style;' infant plantations of fir-trees, are 'nodding groves, and embowering shades.' Hills become mountains; fish-ponds become lakes; marshes become lawns; and pastures, parks; in the grateful imagination of a tourist who has met with a hospitable reception. How far Mr. Fenton is chargeable with such partiality, our readers will probably be able to discover from our quotations.

The book is divided into twelve chapters, each containing an excursion through a certain district, and dignified by the term '*Iter*.' The author always speaks of his progress in the present tense; a departure from the custom of modern tourists at once inelegant, unnecessary, and at enmity with grammar. The first sentence in the book is no doubt intended to exemplify that rule of Horace, which forbids a poet trifling too long on the threshold, and is a fair specimen of the obscurity and bad taste of the whole.

'In commencing my tour it might be natural to suppose that I would start from home, but leaving my place of residence, Fishguard, as being at the extremity of Cemaes, with my *iter* through which I mean to close my volume, I begin with the hundred of Dewisland, or as it was more anciently called *Pebidiawg*; and with that division of it the comot of *Pencaer*.' P. 1.

In the next page he informs the reader of the nature of the entertainment which he has prepared for him; and he is not sparing of his provocatives to appetite.

'Wishing to lead the traveller through such parts of the country as most intimately connect themselves with its history, and afford the most interesting objects, whether viewed with the eye of a picturesque tourist or a profound antiquary, I shall frequently have occasion to abandon the main road,' (so have all decent tourists, heroes and heroines excepted,) 'and now in my outset, for that purpose, must take the liberty of digressing from that which connects Fishguard with St. David's, to adopt a route productive of circumstances calculated to awake the finest feelings in the bosom of the philosopher, the historian, the patriot, and the Briton, few of which have even been noticed, and none pressed with effect on the attention, or forcibly brought home to the heart.' Page 3.

Hard is the lot of a reviewer, who is obliged to wade through such a muddy style as this, in the hope of finding some hidden treasure at the bottom which may compensate for the nauseating search; and who is expected to understand or appear to understand his author's meaning. This book has really been the greater part of a year under our eye, and we have half a dozen times laid it down in disgust and turned our attention to something less oppressive to our powers of comprehension. Our duty to the public at length overcomes our compassion for the writer; and we will now endeavour to bring him fairly before them.

The preliminary observations which we have quoted above, are followed by half a page of eulogy on the bay of Fishguard.

'After feasting on this charming view, I cross a small one-arched bridge over a brook, abounding with trout, that takes its rise about three miles to the eastward, and here discharges itself into the sea, separating Cemaes from Pebidiawg, and my eye involuntarily turning to the left, insinuates itself through a small valley, in my memory richly wooded, with a melancholy pleasure to the old mansion of Manarnawan, once the residence of my great grandfather, John Lewis, Esq.' &c. P. 4.

Now it is well known to all, that many men have been the better for their great grandfathers; but it does not often fall to the lot of *authors* to boast of great grandfathers, so useful to their posterity as the aforesaid great grandfather of our author has been to him, for he has at the outset, which all writers know is the most difficult portion of the book, furnished him with materials for four quarto pages. How can we help applying to Mr. Fenton the old saw, 'it is well for this man that his great

grandfather lived before him!" But above all, from these four pages we learn that his great grandfather was a justice of the peace, and brewed his own beer; that 'his pickles and preserves, syrups and cordial waters,' (p. 5.) were excellent: that 'apples, pears, and plums,' 'with abundance of filberts, nay, walnuts and mulberries were found in his dessert.' (p. 5.) He had fish, poultry, pigeons, wild-fowl, woodcocks, and 'sweet mutton:' he had six daughters who 'freed him from the petty drudgery of "chronicling small beer."'

'He was no sportsman, but as it came in aid of his table: and he hunted more from a conviction of its utility to himself and his neighbours, in the preservation of the fold and the henroost, than from a passion for the chase.' P. 6.

From this information, it appears that either the historians, or the naturalists of Wales, have displayed gross ignorance of their subject; as it is evident, either that *Welsh-men* dine upon foxes, or that *Welsh hares* eat lambs and poultry.

This ancestor was also a great encourager of planting; he also built houses at Fishguard, 'particularly one large brick building fitted up with cellars, racks, and other requisite conveniences for curing white and red herrings.' P. 7.

It would be impossible for the historian of Pembrokeshire to pass over the landing of the French general Tate's little army in the neighbourhood of Fishguard in 1797; and after a short account of the parish of Llanwnda, memorable as having been under the pastoral care of Giraldus, Mr. Fenton proceeds to give a moving history of that event. Like our modern self-styled 'loyal men,' he thinks no name bad enough for these invaders. The inhabitants had removed their wives and families to places of security, taking with them their most valuable property.

'In the mean time, the blood hounds were no sooner at leisure than they hastened to satiate their hunger, which from the vast toil they had undergone, and their scanty allowance of provision for some days, was become voracious. The fields were selected for the purpose of cookery, and the operations were carried on upon an immense scale. Not a fowl was left alive, and the geese were literally boiled in butter. They then proceeded to plunder, and give a loose to every brutal excess, that pampered and inflamed appetites could prompt them to; but the veil of night was kindly drawn over their execrable orgies, disgraceful to nature, and which humanity shudders to imagine.' P. 12.

If the reader should advance to the 19th page he may obtain a solution of these 'execrable orgies,' which in page 12, Mr. Fenton is too much shocked to name; and well he may be! but his increasing confidence emboldens him at length to give utterance to the horrid fact: they 'eviscerated the featherbeds:' yes, gentle reader, the tender innocent featherbeds were *eviscerated* by the hands of these blood-hounds, 'for the sake of the tick.' P. 19.

In a note to the page preceding the one from which we have made our last quotation, Mr. Fenton boldly terminates all the various conjectures of antiquaries, by the following declaration of the use of the Cromlech.

'As the recurrence of the term Cromlech will be frequent and unavoidable in the course of this work, my English readers may expect some explanation of it: the word literally means a stone that inclines or bends downwards; but here, taken in its popular acceptation signifies the stone of covenant, or altar of bardism, which stood in the circle of federation, and was subservient to the various ceremonies of that mysterious system,' &c.

If the English reader should after all remain in some degree of scepticism in regard to this mysterious appendage to Druidical superstition, it may afford him an ill-natured satisfaction to discover that the author himself,* is not quite at ease under his own definition; for in page 23, in describing a particular one, he remarks, 'on the upper surface of the Cromlech are three considerable excavations near the centre, probably intended to have received the blood of the victim, or water for purification, if (as it is the most general opinion,) they were used as altars, being similar to those so often mentioned by Borlase under the name of rock basins.'

In our progress through this chapter to the more interesting subject, with which it concludes, we could not but join Mr. Fenton in the regret which he expresses at the indifference with which ancient mansions are often consigned to the use of the farmer; and at the negligence of the modern tourist, who seldom turns out of his way to investigate the history of any dilapidated

* In a note to p. 23, Mr. Fenton informs his readers that he is indebted to his son for the *substance* of every thing which he has written on Druidical and sepulchral relics. The public would probably have lost nothing if he had inserted his son's remarks in his own language. This 'very young antiquary,' as his father calls him, has supplied drawings for several of the engravings which, if he is really 'very young,' do him great credit.

edifice, which does not attract him by its picturesque appearance, or form a particular object of his tour.

After endeavouring to prove that Carausius, the spirited opponent of Maximian, was really born in Wales at the Roman station Menapia or Menevia; which he also asserts, and with reason, to be distinct from the modern, or as he calls it, the new Menevia, St. David's; the author proceeds to acquaint us with the origin of this distinguished see. But first let us inform our readers how Carausius became an object of his attention.

'Aurelius Victor agreeing in this particular, by calling him "*Civis Menapiæ*;" and as I have the honour to call myself almost a fellow citizen, being myself a native of modern Menapia, I hope I shall have the reader's pardon if I detain him with a short sketch of the life of my illustrious countryman.' P. 44.

This is a valuable hint to bookmakers, and will not be lost upon them. On this principle, any native of New London, who shall make an historical tour through the state of Connecticut, will do well to insert the history of Despard or any other notorious offender who has expiated his crimes at the Old Bailey, as by similar reasoning he may claim connexion with him.

Carausius having returned the attentions of Mr. Fenton, by helping him through five or six pages, we at length arrive at the point from which we made our digression.

'For the origin of the New Menapia, or St. David's, obscure, and I may say as little explored as the source of the Nile, we must be reconciled to grope through the dim twilight of legend, till the first kindled rush-light of history lend us its feeble ray to direct our pursuit,' &c. P. 49.

We shall not be so unkind as to lead any one through four pages of the above mentioned '*dim twilight*;' nor even hold up to him the rush-light of history, although it sheds its radiance on the orthodoxy of St. David, and commemorates his zeal against the abettors of the Pelagian heresy.

We are next favoured with an elaborate description of the original, and of the present state of the episcopal palace; and much abuse is cast on some of the bishops whom the tourist accuses of nefariously hastening the ruin of this splendid edifice, for the sake of private emolument. Among those who have done themselves honour by an attention to the restoration of this fabric, and the buildings connected with it, he particularly instances

Archdeacons Holcombe, and Davies. He confesses that he has partaken of the hospitality of both these gentlemen. He undertakes what may be called an apology for the character of Mr. Holcombe, by informing the public that he was accused of prodigality, ambition, and intemperance. The deceased Archdeacon is however little better for his assistance; for on whatever foundation these charges may have rested, it continues unshaken: he has merely given them notoriety. The apothegm 'save me from my friends,' &c. was never more applicable than it is to Mr. Fenton, the dead are 'damned with faint praise,' and the living, if they have any pride or delicacy must be disgusted or ashamed at his vulgar and bare-faced flattery.

Praise arising from selfish motives is injurious to the interests of society, as well as disgraceful to the character of him who bestows it; and it is a vice into which modern tourists are too apt to fall, especially when they contemplate a second journey. A few quotations from the book under our notice will perhaps act as a preventive to younger writers: no argument on the subject can set the meanness, the absurdity, and the impudence, of this practice, in so strong a light.

The vindication of Archdeacon Holcombe does not perhaps come under the description of interested encomium, but it is so whimsical, and so entirely fails of the end at which it seems to aim, that we cannot pass it over.

'He was a man of boundless expense and spirit; his hospitality was of a caliber to have done honour to the mitre.' 'The space without the palace walls extending to the river, till then choaked with briars, disfigured with fragments of fallen grandeur, and become the haunt of the serpent and the toad, he opened, cleansed, and laid out in gardens, clothing the high outer wall of the palace with fruit-trees of every kind, where they had ample room to luxuriate, and the benefit of the choicest exposure, and adding likewise a considerable extent of glass for the production of pines, grapes, and other forced fruit.' P. 103.

'He also made anew the ancient vivarium or fishpond, once an appendage to the luxury of the episcopal table, and when he lacked sea-fish, which was but seldom, his stews supplied him with trout, of flavour, size, and quality little inferior to salmon.'

'His attachment to St. David's began at an early period of life, and in every stage of it was marked with fervour and constancy. A wish *every way* to serve and aggrandize it was his

ruling principle, to which health, time, and fortune were sacrificed. All his establishment was on an enlarged scale; and every thing that appertained to it, even *his double bottles*, were expressive of the same enthusiastic devotion to his favourite St. David's, by being all inscribed with the Welsh motto of Llwyddiant y Tyddewi (prosperity to St. David's).' P. 104.

After recording the Archdeacon's hospitality, not only to his clergy, but to the 'antiquary and the tourist,' this mirror of apologists thus proceeds.

'Yet there are some, who, not content with losing sight of that excellent maxim of 'De mortuis nil nisi bonum,' have malevolently taken pains, after his death, to hunt out his failings, and failings he certainly had in common with the rest of his frail and imperfect species, and scarce allow him a single virtue without such a drawback as almost converts it into a vice; branding his *liberality with extravagance*, and his *conviviality with intemperance*; calling his *hospitality a trap*,' &c.—P. 105.

These malevolent maxim-breakers do not say much more than Mr. Fenton himself insinuates, by the charge of 'boundless expense,' and the anecdote of the 'double bottles;' which might with very little change of meaning, have been clothed in the plain English terms of *extravagance and intemperance*; and the expression 'I sincerely believe that his hospitality was perfectly disinterested and undesigning,' &c. (p. 105), amounts, almost to an admission that it had an opposite appearance. It is far from our intention to cast a stain on the character which Mr. Fenton affects to vindicate, and if *he* had not written in its defence, perhaps, ere this, malignity would have been weary of its fruitless attacks, and the spirit of misrepresentation worn out by neglect.

We must not forget the amusement which we promised our readers, by quoting some of Mr. Fenton's encomiums on his hospitable countrymen. As a man's character is supposed to be developed more by trifling actions, than by his conduct on great occasions, so our author's ingenuousness is better known, by his inadvertencies than by his more studied descriptions.

In making these extracts, we would willingly avoid giving the names of those whom Mr. Fenton exposes by his absurd compliments, and thus save their modesty the mortification of a second attack; but the awkwardness and obscurity which would arise from this omission, forbid our consulting their ease and comfort, and our own inclinations. He speaks thus of Archdeacon Davies.

'A gentleman who with a handsome private fortune, a taste for literature and polished manners,' &c.: 'at the same time

gratefully acknowledging the hospitable and elegant reception I met with at his house, when last summer in company with my valuable friend Sir Richard Hoare, I had the honour of being his guest,' &c.—P. 108.

One would imagine that Mr. Fenton sometimes suspected that he was not a man of great importance, for he is continually laying hold of the consequence of his acquaintance to impress us with an idea of his own. Sir Richard Hoare comes in for a large share of these attentions, and it would almost occupy a page were we to collect, and string together the laudatory epithets which, throughout the book, he bestows on this gentleman. We leave the reader to conclude the sentence from which we made our last quotation, and proceed to a more sentimental extract.

'I reach the place of my destination, Orlandon, or, as it was formerly called, Humprey, the seat of my old friend, J. P. Langhorne, Esq. whose hospitality I was engaged to share for a few days, and from whose inexhaustible source of ancient lore I was permitted to draw largely. I hope I shall be forgiven if I cannot in silence pass over the pleasure I felt at the opportunity of reviving an acquaintance begun in early life, and, after a lapse of many years continuing undiminished. We had been school-fellows, and had lived two years in the same house, and were delighted to travel back that portion of our journey through life, when, with innocent playfulness, we plucked the snow-drop, the violet, and the primrose, that enamelled our verdant path, remembered with more lively affection than the more flaunting and highly cultivated flowers that may have occasionally solicited our attention in a more advanced season of it.'—P. 161.

It must be acknowledged that Mr. Fenton possesses a genius for compliment, and displays a charming variety in the terms in which he conveys it. What can be prettier than the following.

It is impossible to leave Amroth without regret, or to forget it soon; the impression it has left on my memory will not be easily effaced, but must continue whilst I retain a relish for the charms of elegant hospitality.'—P. 474.

We will not enlarge our extracts on this subject by copying many more obliging things which we had marked for that purpose, and which are dispersed through the work; but proceed to notice some of the author's mistakes, or inadvertencies as an antiquary.

We have declared on former occasions that we do not consider the term by which the pointed style of architecture is designated as of much importance: Mr. Fenton

calls it 'the pointed or English order;' but as he seems to object to the old term Gothic, and reasonably enough, if he believes that the Goths did not invent it, he ought not in consistency to have applied the term Saxon to 'that peculiar kind when beginning to lose itself in the early pointed or English order.'—P. 73. The term *Saxon*, it is true, has been indiscriminately applied to all circular-arched buildings, whose date was uncertain, and supposed prior to the Norman invasion: but there can be no reason for distinguishing a manner which existed subsequent to that period, and which cannot be referred to any other era, by any appellation except that which denotes both its date and character, *Norman*.

The most prominent inaccuracy which we have noticed, occurs in the account of Picton Castle. An engraving of this building faces the description. It represents a lofty wall, surmounted by a balustrade as modern as that on Blackfriars Bridge, leading to a projecting door-way supported by two Doric or Tuscan columns, and two pilasters, and finished by a square balcony surrounded by a balustrade similar to that which we have described. Over this is a sash window, divided into three lights, the middle one having a semi-circular head, by columns like those below; over this is a *pointed* sash window; and on each side of the door is a circular tower, containing two modern oblong sash windows. This we suppose to be the east end of the castle. The north side is composed of two large round towers, containing several modern sash windows; and above them a square tower with pointed windows; the whole is finished by a battlement. Of this building, Mr. Fenton, who frequently calls himself an *antiquary*, gives the following description.

'Walk up through beautiful woods to Picton Castle, which, approached from this side, as a component part of a landscape, appears to the greatest advantage; but with an eye to the building itself, in its *purest castellated state*, and as connected with its ancient consequence, I would recommend an approach from the east, on which side only we can trace the inseparable criterion of a castle, the moat, where nothing is wanting but the drawbridge and the portcullis to carry us back to the time of William Rufus; and *this is the view selected to accompany these pages*.'—P. 277.

The fact is, Lord Milford and his ancestors have sacrificed much of the ancient character of the *castle*, to the comforts of a modern *mansion*; and cannot be supposed so absurd, as to be pleased with that praise which implies

an union of qualities, the one of which must necessarily destroy the other.

'Compliment,' observes Mr. Fenton, speaking of the same edifice, 'may be carried so far as to become a satire or an insult, and there is so much about Picton Castle to be admired, that there is *no necessity of sacrificing truth*, either by giving it credit for beauties it has not, or concealing defects it has.'—P. 280.

This observation comes oddly enough from such an author, and on such a subject; but it is most remarkable, as containing his historical canon; which is, that *it is sometimes necessary to sacrifice truth to compliment*. Dr. Johnson has acknowledged as much, *if speaking to a lady or an author*. But we fear this license will not be granted to an historian who professes to inform the public, by describing things as they really are.

The following extracts from an account of the light-house on the rocks, called the *Smalls*, is rendered very interesting; by the circumstance, that whilst we are engaged in writing our remarks, information has been received that the inhabitants of the light-house are in extreme danger, in consequence of some of the supporting pillars having been carried away during the equinoctial storms.

'Its distance,' (the lighthouse) 'from the main land not less than seven leagues; its situation amidst sunk rocks, in an ocean agitated by a conflict of the wildest tides, whose enraged face betrays the dangerous secrets of its bosom; its history pregnant with singular incidents, and above all its having proved the greatest blessing, by contributing to the preservation of the lives and properties of thousands.'—P. 127.

'The Smalls are a cluster of rocks placed at various distances from each other, in number at least twenty, some appearing at high-tide, some at half-tide, and some at low water; besides sunk rocks, only to be known by the sea perching on them, extending in length from the south-west to the north-east, more than two miles, and in breadth more than one, making it extremely dangerous for shipping; to say nothing of the Hats and Barrels, called from their having that appearance at certain times of the tide, at the distance of about six miles from the Smalls, though there is a good navigation between.'

'The light-house is erected on a rock, in fine weather about five feet above high water; but in storms the sea runs over the rock between the pillars that support the lantern, from fifteen to twenty feet deep or more. It rests upon eight pillars, and one in the centre strengthened by oblique stays, and was finished in the summer of 1775, but from a mistaken idea three of the

pillars were of cast iron ; but it was found early in the winter that they would not well act in conjunction with their wooden associates ; yet it being too late in the season to attempt any alteration, it was thought proper to let it remain without a light for that winter ; when, in the following spring, the iron pillars, though found in their places, but loose in their joints and sockets, were taken away, and wooden ones substituted that summer. However, after this alteration, the ensuing winter proved uncommonly tempestuous, the fabric had to encounter all the violence that winds and waves could offer to unsettled work ; and the inhabitants of this solitary suspended dwelling experienced a variety of distresses, as well from the rage of the elements without, as from a total lack of fire, and a very scanty supply of water, and other necessities within.—P. 129.

Mr. Whitesides, the architect and executor of the work, (who, with three others, had included himself in his own fabric), by means of enclosing a letter in a cask, made his perilous situation known on shore, and received immediate assistance.*

These extracts will give the reader a just idea of Mr. Fenton's best style, which when balanced with his worst, will not raise his character as a writer to an enviable station. He sometimes displays wit ; for instance, in speaking of a controversy, in which Sir Thomas Canon was defeated, his adversary is said ' to have spiked the *Canon*.' (P. 469). The man who writes of ' eviscerated feather-beds,' is not always in the clouds ; but descends to the familiar style, and compares sea-fowl upon a rock, to ' pins in a pin-cushion,' p. 412. Speaking of the west gate of Tenby, he tells us in the same strain that ' it stood where the passage leads up to the end of the White Lion'. In short there is language for every description of readers, as profuse in variety as the dishes at a lord-mayor's feast, and often as far removed from every thing that is simple and intelligible. His *English* assumes as many forms as a calf's-head, and bears as little resemblance to its plain original.

Numerous engravings adorn this work, principally by Stour and Greig, from drawings by Sir R. C. Hoare, Mr. Fenton, jun. and Mr. Carter.† Of these, Pembroke Cas-

* The same method of giving information of their imminent danger has been adopted by the present inhabitants of the light-house, but unfortunately, from the state of the weather, immediate relief was impracticable.

† We ought to remark that the urns, and the outlines of recumbent sepulchral figures, are engraven by Basire, and we should blush to omit observing, that a lady has contributed her aid to the illustration of this book.

tle, by Mr. Greig, from a drawing of Sir R. Hoare, is decidedly the best, and the view of Fishguard the worst in the book; the rest have various merit; but with the exception of Cilgenan Castle, St. David's Cathedral, the Cromlech at Pentre Evan, and one or two more, are not above par. Most of the subjects of these plates are interesting; but we regret the omission of the door-way at the west end of Tenby church, which is described as 'most uncommon;' (p. 447) and of the basso relievos sculptured on the tomb of the Whites in the same church 'by a hand,' (as Mr. Carter observes) 'that would do credit to any school, ancient or modern, Pagan or Christian.' (P. 451.)

We have not attempted to conduct our readers in Mr. Fenton's course through his tour. We could not have done so without writing a critique almost as voluminous as his work; for very few pages would have escaped criticism. It will not, however, be difficult to form an opinion from what we have already quoted, of its real value.* In regard to existing persons and things, he is trifling, partial, and unsatisfactory. He seems to have set out with a determination to elevate, as much as possible, his country, his acquaintance, and all that were civil to him. The schoolmaster who taught him the '*rudiments*' of learning, 'had his talents been known, or he had ambition to display them, might have been celebrated in the page of history with a Busby or a Markham.' (P. 91). He insinuates also that the light-house on the Smalls is as great a work as the Eddystone, or any other in the world. These are effusions of a weak mind, and might have been pardoned and laughed at if said at the tea-table: but Mr. Fenton appears ignorant that what may be very pretty tattle, and pardonable table-talk, is not necessarily worth the attention of the public; especially, if want of correctness adds mischief to the nonsense.

As the historian of events long past, and as a chronicler of descents, Mr. Fenton is more worthy of regard; as he seems a diligent compiler;† and a 'dear searcher' into genealogies. His work will be useful and interesting to those of his own county, whose nationality and family pride will support them through the pages of the worst

* We observe no mention of the present patriarchal Bishop of St. David's. Is Mr. Fenton mortified that a bishop, who is not a *Welshman*, should be virtuous and disinterested?

† At p. 253 is a quotation of 14 pages from the *Cambrian Chronicle*.

written book which we remember ever to have perused. He however does not shine in the character of an architectural antiquary, though he appears tolerably well acquainted with the terms and coarse outlines of his science. In short, we consider this Historical Tour as adding nothing valuable to our stock of county history, and of little importance to the public.

ART. V.—*An Essay on Money and Paper Currency.*
By R. Torrens, Esq. Major Commandant of the Royal
Marine Battalion at Anholt. London: Johnson, 1812,
8vo. 8s.

THE first part of Major Torrens's work embraces the following subjects:

'Chap. I. On the origin of money.—II. On the nature and utility of money.—III. On the effects of increasing the quantity of money.—IV. On diminishing the quantity of money.—V. On the establishment of paper currency.—VI. On the utility of paper currency. VII. Disadvantages of paper currency. Depreciation of excess. Remedies.—VIII. Apparent depreciation.'

We have no intention to discuss the general reasoning in this division of the work, because, for the most part, it contains nothing which merits particular attention. In the second part the author applies the general reasoning in the first to the present state of the currency; and he besides makes some observations on Mr. Huskisson's pamphlet, Lord King's Notice to his Tenantry, and Lord Stanhope's Bill.

Major Torrens seems to think that the depreciation of the paper currency is *apparent* rather than *real*, and owing to the unfavourable state of the exchange more than to the excess of the issue. What Major Torrens says on this subject is not very satisfactory. If the present depreciation of Bank notes be not real, we know not what is. And if it be real, it must be owing to the excess of the issue, for what else can produce it? As long as Bank notes are at par with the specie or bullion which they affect to represent, there is no depreciation, and so far the issue of paper currency is neither above nor below the demand. But when the paper currency, instead of being at par with the specie or bullion which it represents, is so much below it that £21. in Bank notes cannot be exchanged for more than fifteen guineas in gold, the degree

of the depreciation very accurately measures the degree of excess in the issue. If the depreciation be as one in four, the excess of the issue must be in the same proportion. Perhaps Major Torrens will say that the paper currency is not the representative of coin or bullion—but is the mere creature of metaphysical abstraction, or one of the phantoms which dance round the car of public credit, in order to give accelerated velocity to its wheels, and ultimately to hurl it headlong into the abyss of destruction.

If Bank notes are not the representative of bullion, and if the quantity of bullion they will purchase be not the only standard of their value, then let the superscription they bear be instantly changed, that the owner may no longer be mocked by a promise which is never designed to be kept. Let these notes, instead of their usual promissory affirmation to pay Mr. Henry Hase or bearer so many pounds or guineas, contain a *promissory negation*, and run in the following manner: '*I promise NOT to pay Mr. Henry Hase, or bearer, the sum of ten pounds.*' There would be something downright and honest in this; and it would save the necessity of a pile of pamphlets full of commercial metaphysics to prove the solvency of the Bank; and the consequent value of their notes.

Major Torrens asserts, p. 238, that in consequence of the increased value of bullion in the home market, our paper is *apparently* depreciated. Major Torrens here puts the effect for the cause, or places the cart before the horse. He makes the rise in the price of bullion precede the depreciation of Bank notes, when it was the depreciation of Bank notes *arising from their over-issue*, which caused the augmentation in the price of bullion. But is it not a little strange that Major Torrens should call that an *apparent* depreciation, which is matter of numerical proof? A man who has Bank paper to the nominal amount of twenty-one pounds, or twenty guineas, cannot exchange them in the money market for more than fifteen guineas. But Major Torrens will tell him that this is only an *apparent*, and not a *real* depreciation. Suppose the major had a quantity of notes issued by a company of bakers, each of which promised to pay Major T. or bearer, four quartern loaves; and that, when the major or his servant took one of these notes for payment, he received only three quartern loaves instead of four. Would the major or his man be willing in this case to assent to the validity of the sophistry which the hired advocates of the bakers' company

might employ to prove that there was no depreciation in the value of their notes, and that the difference between three quartern loaves and four was only an *apparent* difference? But let us bring the case a little nearer to that of the Bank notes and the Bank. Suppose that the bakers' company, issuing promissory notes to pay the bearer so many quartern loaves, should, when those notes were presented for payment, instead of so much good wheaten bread, give the person in exchange only so many other notes of the same rag-manufacture, and pretend that they would answer all the purpose of bread, and that the difference between them and the product of wheaten flour was only apparent and not real. Would Major Torrens be satisfied with this excuse? or would his hunger be appeased by the metaphysical abstractions with which the bakers' company and their advocates regaled him instead of bread? But does not this case bear no very remote resemblance to the mockery which, since the stoppage of the Bank, has been practised on the holders of their notes? A Bank note is a *promise* to pay the bearer a certain quantity of gold; but, when such a note is taken to the Bank, the bearer is told that there is no gold to be had, but that their paper is nevertheless the same as gold. Every man however, who takes Bank notes into the bullion market, soon finds the difference.

Major Torrens contends that 'there can be no excess of paper currency as long as its issues are confined to the discounting of legitimate mercantile bills, payable at a limited date.' But allowing this principle, the important question, as it respects the present state of the currency, is, whether they be thus confined? or whether the Bank, in its discounts, do not often lend its notes on mere *accommodation* bills, and not to promote the purposes of legitimate trade, but to enable some favoured individuals to engage in certain gambling speculations? As no wholesome check has been put on the issue of Bank-paper, since the stoppage of payments in specie in 1797, we fear that the temptation to increase their profits will often induce them to lend their notes on less valid securities *than they would, if they were compelled to pay those notes in cash.* At present, the Bank are under no controul whatever but that of their own discretion in their issues of *paper-currency*, either to individuals or to government.

In p. 239 Major Torrens broadly asserts that 'there are in this country, certain individuals, and these too of no inconsiderable influence and reputation for talent,' amongst

whom we suppose that he includes Mr. Huskisson and the members of the bullion committee, 'who are so *profoundly ignorant* of the principles of political science, as to regard the *destruction* of the paper system, and the *subversion* of public credit, as the means of renovating the constitution, and of relieving the people from the oppression of accumulated taxation.'

Now we believe this to be an unjust and foul calumny on those persons who have supported the report of the bullion committee; amongst whom there is not one, who has manifested any intention either of *destroying* the paper-system, or of *subverting* public credit. The object of Mr. Huskisson and other gentlemen, who have written on the subject of the paper-currency, is to *confine the issue within reasonable bounds*; and by subjecting it to certain wholesome restrictions, not to *subvert*, but to *uphold* public credit. If the paper system be *destroyed*, and public credit *subverted*, the effect will be produced, not by the efforts of those, who are labouring gradually to restore the Bank to the same footing of solvency, on which it was before the fatal act of 1797; but by those whose measures are likely entirely to banish the precious metals from the circulating medium, and to reduce Bank notes to the state of the French assignats. How any measure which might compel the Bank, like fair traders, to pay their debts, and act like honest men, should ruin the country, we are at a loss to divine. Perhaps, however, when Major Torrens writes another book, he will explain this.

We are as convinced as Major Torrens that '*a well-regulated paper currency*' is of essential benefit to the community; but the present paper currency cannot be said to be '*well-regulated*;' for it is subject to no regulation whatever, which can at all conduce to the public interest, or by which an *excess* in the issue of Bank notes can be prevented, with all the consequent evils of depreciation or of bankruptcy.

Major Torrens argues stoutly against the resumption of cash payments. He might, however, have saved himself the trouble of depicting the *evils* of that resumption; for it is never likely to be tried. The major predicts, p. 246, 257, that ruin would be the consequence of that measure; but perhaps it will be found that the opposite system of excess and depreciation will accelerate the catastrophe, which every good man must anticipate with dismay.

In his remarks on Lord King's notice to his tenantry, Major Torrens acquits his lordship of any evil intention;

but he pays him this compliment only upon the supposition that he is miserably deficient in the knowledge of political economy, in which the major is such a shining light.

In the chapter on Lord Stanhope's bill we must do the major the justice to state that he is not an advocate for that part of the bill which enacts that the trade in guineas shall be discontinued. We will quote a part of what the major says on this subject, and wish that we could have approved of other parts of his work as much as we do of this.

'Legislative interference must ever be completely impotent, to prevent metals in the form of coin, from bearing an equal value with metal in the state of bullion; but such interference will be found all-powerful, in causing the coin to disappear, and in completely banishing the precious metals from circulation. To traffic in coin is as fair, and as useful, and as honourable, as any other traffic. When the price of bullion rises, or the value of the currency is reduced, it is this traffic alone, which can retain the metals in circulation. If a piece of gold, with a public stamp affixed to it, be less valuable than an unstamped piece of gold, of equal weight and fineness, then the stamp will be immediately effaced. As water finds its level, as air rushes to occupy vacuity, so will metal, which is coined, rise to the value of metal which is uncoined.'

Major Torrens is not an advocate for making Bank paper a *legal tender*. But, after we have proceeded so far in our descent into the fatal gulph, can we stop half-way? Or is it possible to retrace our steps?

In the latter part of Major Torrens's work we find some observations on the present state of our trade to the continent, and the mode in which it is conducted. The major thinks this commerce an evil rather than a benefit, and attended with much more advantage to our enemy than to ourselves. The following extract merits serious attention.

'Possessed of all the naval resources of continental Europe, Napoleon wants nothing but seamen to enable him to put forth a marine, more formidable than any thing the world hitherto has seen. In this state of things, England, with a strange infatuation, carries on her commerce in foreign vessels, navigated by the subjects of France or of her vassal kings; thus instructing her rivals in nautical affairs, and placing, in the hands of her inveterate foe, an instrument to be wielded for her own destruction. It requires no very prophetic spirit to enable us to foresee that, if the license trade be much longer continued, if England persevere in recruiting the navies of Napoleon, she will

soon be compelled to maintain a doubtful struggle for the empire of the seas.'

Major Torrens recommends that we should 'turn the policy of our adversary against himself; that we should 'close the ports of England against every production of the continent;' that we should 'wield, with a high hand, the trident of the seas, and interdict all maritime intercourse, between one part of the continent and another.' The author says, that by a steady perseverance in such a line of conduct, we 'should soon compel our enemy to revoke his commercial decrees, and to sue for peace.' Major Torrens also seems to think that the dangers of peace with France are not so great as they appear to the mind's eye of a certain class of politicians; and that, 'when we terminate hostilities, our great object ought to be, not to take from France her continental acquirements, but to provide for the perpetuation of our own ascendancy on the waters.'

'Let France,' says the author, 'retain her continental acquirements, and let England keep her colonial conquests; these, with a commercial treaty,' (with France, which he thinks we might obtain on equitable terms, p. 209) 'and her navigation laws would throw into her hands the carrying trade of the world. A mercantile marine, beyond example—beyond calculation great, would afford such a nursery for her navy, that its power never could be rivalled. France might build ships through all her subject realms; but she never could approach us in the number and skill of our seamen. Confident of retaining our supremacy upon the waters, we might terminate a contest which has deluged the earth with blood, and obtain the only legitimate end of warfare—a secure and honourable peace.'

This last is an object most devoutly to be desired; and in this respect we wish that our ministers might come to the same conclusion as the author of the present performance, and cease to wage an internecine war.

ART. VI.—*The Life and Administration of Cardinal Wolsey.* By John Galt. London: Cadell, 1812, 4to.

'SEVERAL years ago,' says Mr. Galt, 'while standing in the great quadrangle of Christ Church College, in Oxford, I happened to reflect, that although Cardinal Wolsey was one of the most conspicuous personages of an eventful age, no history of his life had yet been written, which shewed the influence of his character in its proper light.'

We think that Gibbon somewhere says that he formed his design of writing the history of the decline and fall of the Roman empire, while standing amid the ruins of the capitol. We will not say that Mr. Galt remembered this assertion of Mr. Gibbon, (of whose style and manner by-the-bye he appears a studious admirer), when he began the preface to the present work, of which he assigns the origin to the associated ideas of a local cause. Mr. Galt, for aught that we know to the contrary, may have often mused, not only standing, but walking in the quadrangle of Christ Church, and perhaps dining or drinking wine with the dean, the canons, or some of the more subordinate members of that society. We only wonder that the same thought never struck any members of the noble foundation of Christ Church, who have been fed and clothed by the bounty of the cardinal, and that they should have left it to Mr. Galt, who does not appear to be a man blooming with academical honours, and who probably was never even a member of the university to have been animated to write the life of Cardinal Wolsey, by the accidental inspection of one of his magnificent works; while other sentiments, which might have influenced *them* to embalm his memory in some precious biographical record, have been inert or torpid in their breasts. The life of Wolsey, written by a dean or a canon of Christ Church, instigated to that undertaking by the united feeling of admiration and of gratitude, would have been very honourable to the individual, and very creditable to the college and to the university. The splendid talents of Dr. Jackson, the late excellent dean, would have been, or indeed would now be very properly employed in erecting a literary monument worthy of the memory of Wolsey, who contributed so largely to render the college of Christ Church, in Oxford, one of the most magnificent institutions for the reward and the encouragement of learning in that or in any other university in any part of the world. But though we may regret that this task of delineating the life and character of Wolsey has been undertaken by a stranger rather than by a Christ-church man, we must say that the thought, inspired as it is said to have been by a local excitement, does credit to the sensibility of Mr. Galt; and we shall hasten to give our readers some notion of the manner in which he has executed the work.

Mr. Galt appears from his preface to have been long employed in collecting materials for the present publica-

tion; and the materials out of which this fair and smooth quarto has sprung, are said to have been 'of great magnitude and variety.' The text is divided into seven books, each paragraph of which is marked by Roman numerals, in the same manner as the sections in Brotier's Tacitus, and in editions of some other classical writers. This mode was perhaps adopted to give the work a classical air; and in this conjecture we are, in some degree, supported by the declaration of the author, in the preface, p. v. in which he says, 'I have endeavoured to imitate the classic models of antiquity;' and we moreover suppose that Mr. Galt means this work, as Thucydides did his history, as a *κτῆμα ἐς αἰῶνα*; for he says in the same sentence, 'as I think it is only the necessary succession of events which *interests posterity*.' The appendix, which occupies nearly one-half of the volume, and which some persons will, perhaps, think not the least valuable of its contents, is principally composed of letters to and from the Cardinal.

After mentioning the birth of Wolsey at Ipswich, in 1571, and his transition from school to the university of Oxford, Mr. Galt says,

'Continuing to *prosper in philosophy*, he was elected a fellow of Magdalen College, appointed master of the school,' (what school? why not specify the school appended to the college?) 'and entrusted to educate the sons of the Marquis of Dorset.' While we were reading the above, we began to wonder at first what Mr. Galt could mean by *prospering in philosophy*, till we found that 'to *prosper in philosophy*,' is to be elected a fellow of Magdalen College, appointed a schoolmaster, and entrusted to educate the sons of a nobleman. At this rate the aggregate of philosophy in this country must be very great; and philosophers a very thriving race.

Soon after the Marquis of Dorset had presented Wolsey to the rectory of Lymington in Somersetshire, we are informed that, for some social frolic 'unbecoming the grave regularity of the ecclesiastical profession, one of the justices of the peace subjected him to disgraceful punishment.' Mr. Galt might as well have said plainly and distinctly, for there seems little doubt of the fact, that Sir Amias Paulett had him put in the stocks. But, because Cavenish, one of Wolsey's biographers, says only in his quaint way, that 'Sir Amias Paulett *laid him by the heels*,' while Fiddes mentions the specific sort of limbo in which his heels were laid, Mr. Galt thinks it right to relate,

with vague insipidity, that '*one of the justices of the peace* subjected him to *disgraceful punishment.*' Mr. Galt adds, that this circumstance 'could not but serve to render his local intercourse *irksome.*' To be sure it is no very agreeable thing for a man to have his heels elevated in the stocks to the level of his head; but if he will break the king's peace in a fit of riotous merriment, he cannot expect to be left at large, and to pursue his own gratification at the expense of the public tranquillity. And whether the '*local intercourse*' of Wolsey were conducted at 'Lymington in Somersetshire,' or in any other place, he was equally liable to be set in the stocks '*by one of the justices of the peace,*' if he misbehaved in a manner unbefitting '*the grave regularity of the ecclesiastical profession.*' We do not therefore agree with Mr. Galt, that this incident caused Wolsey to remove from Lymington, however '*irksome*' it might render '*his local intercourse.*'

Wolsey had not risen higher in the scale of ecclesiastical dignity than the deanery of Lincoln, on the death of Henry VII. in 1509; but, in the reign of his successor, his ascent was rapid to the highest degree of royal favour, as well as of civil and ecclesiastical distinction.

On the 22d of December, 1515, Wolsey was advanced to the rank of Cardinal, and was installed in Westminster Abbey, with circumstances of pomp seldom exceeded at the coronation of kings. About the same time, the great seal was given to him for life, *with the dignity of the chancellor of the realm.*

From this period till the loss of the royal favour, when his fall was more sudden than his rise, Wolsey may, in a great measure, be regarded as the sole ruling mind in the civil and ecclesiastical affairs of this country. Henry, absorbed in other pursuits, devolved almost all the cares of state upon his minister. Nor was the capacity, any more than the ambition, of Wolsey below the station of pre-eminence to which he was exalted. Men of low origin, when raised by favourable circumstances, the fickleness of fortune, or the resistless force of superior endowments, to the highest pinnacle of power, can seldom retain any thing like the feeling of equanimity or meekness on the dizzy height. Their insolence seems to be increased in proportion to their former abasement, and the contempt or hauteur of their demeanour proves that their greatness does not sit easy on them; and that, for fear it should not be sufficiently recognised by their inferiors or dependents, they are continually extorting that respect by arrogant superciliousness, which an easy condescension would spontane-

ously procure. Wolsey was far from being free from a disdainful arrogance of behaviour, and this, whilst it more forcibly reminded those who came within its influence, of his plebeian extraction, often excited envy or malignity amongst those who would otherwise have been willing to acknowledge, in his transcendent capacity, a just title to his extraordinary elevation. But the haughty air of Wolsey, whilst it multiplied his foes, left him almost without one cordial friend. In his prosperity, the glazed countenance of exterior courtesy was continually presented before him; but the artifices of hypocritical homage were immediately discontinued in the reverse of his fortunes; and it was seen that true friendship is to be procured only by those amiable qualities by which heartfelt regard is produced.

The destinies of England may be said to have been entrusted to the soaring genius of Wolsey from about the year of 1515 to that of 1528. In this period, during which he appeared absolute master of the lives and fortunes of his countrymen, he had full and ample space for displaying the ruling propensities of his mind and heart.

If we take a general view of the public conduct of Wolsey, we shall find that, though it will appear to have been influenced by his desire of personal aggrandizement, yet his aggrandizement was so intimately connected with the national honour and interest, with the encouragement of the arts, and the promotion of learning, that we are very unwilling to stigmatize as vice and selfishness what had so many of the broad traits of virtue and patriotism. In his measures of foreign policy, he is thought to have been commonly swayed by interested considerations; but, though he delighted in the ostentation of greatness, his mind was of too high a class to have its better resolves altered by the bias of pecuniary temptation. The circumstances in which Wolsey was placed, were such that it may well excite our wonder that his administration was, on the whole, so pure and upright, rather than that it was occasionally diverted from the right path by erroneous views, into which he was deluded by the flattery of the two rival sovereigns, Charles and Francis, who spared no pains to make him their auxiliary or their friend. But, was it ever seen that a man of such humble extraction as Wolsey, who absolutely controuled the will of one king, and who was courted, as if he had been the sole arbiter of Europe, by two others, shewed himself so little dizzy on the height of greatness to which he was raised, or preserved

his judgment, on the whole, so free and incorrupt? We do not know how any minister, in the broils in which Europe was then involved by the bitter jealousies and conflicting ambition of Charles and Francis, could well have more sagaciously discerned, or more vigorously pursued, the interest of his country, in the complex difficulties and perplexing situation in which it was placed.

In criticising the character and appreciating the talents of Wolsey, we ought not to forget that he had the penetration to discern those changes of public opinion, which were gradually preparing the way for the reformation, and that he was the first minister in Catholic Europe who clearly saw the necessity of anticipating the impending storm by wise measures of precaution, and by effecting some salutary changes in the manners and discipline of the numerous ecclesiastics. It would probably have been happier for this country, if Wolsey had lived to carry into full effect the gradual reformation which he proposed, and to mature his great projects for rendering the wealth of the religious houses more conducive to the stock of intellectual improvement. The kingdom then possessed great materials for this purpose, many of which were afterwards dilapidated by the prodigality of the sovereign, and the rapacity of his favourites.

Perceiving that the tendency of opinion might undermine the papal structure, unless effectual means were adopted to restrain the licentiousness of the clergy, he (Wolsey) obtained a bull which conferred on him a legatine right to visit all the monasteries of the realm, and to suspend the pontifical laws in England at discretion, during a whole year. His motives, at first, for seeking this commission was to reduce the swarm of Monks, who, from the days of the Saxon kings, had continued to multiply. He regarded them as consuming locusts, a reproach to the church, and wasteful to the state; and he resolved to convert their habitations into cathedrals and colleges, with the view of restoring the clergy to the mental superiority, which they anciently possessed over the people. The rumour of an innovation so terrible alarmed all the ecclesiastical orders. Their clamour was loud, incessant, and almost universal. Every levity that the upstart reformer had committed, was brought before the public, and magnified to the utmost; and, as if it could diminish the worthlessness of his brethren, it was alleged to be little less than monstrous; that a man so prone to the pleasures of life himself, should abridge the sensualities of others. Those who were free from the reprobate inclinations with which the priesthood were charged in the bull, exclaimed against the generality of the charge, and the criminals were enraged at the

prevention and punishment of their infamies. By virtue of his commission, Wolsey, as legate, instituted a court which he endowed with a censorial jurisdiction over the priesthood. It was empowered to investigate matters of conscience, conduct which had given scandal, and actions which though they escaped the law, might be found contrary to good morals. The clergy furnished abundant employment to this inquisitorial tribunal; and as the fines were strictly levied, and the awards strictly executed, it enhanced their exasperation against the founder.

* * * By the plan of ecclesiastical reformation which Wolsey adopted, the interference of the people was anticipated in England. His legatine authority made him head of the church; and, as chancellor and chief minister, he possessed the efficient power of the executive government. Hence the reformation being undertaken by him, seemed to emanate from the crown; and the nation was saved from those dreadful tumults which attended the overthrow of popery in other countries.' * * *

We have quoted the above passages from Mr. Galt, because the merits of Wolsey in having prepared the way for the removal of ecclesiastical abuses by a mild and temperate scheme of progressive reform, have seldom been sufficiently considered by those, who have animadverted on the features of his character, and the spirit of his administration. Mr. Galt appears to have viewed this subject in its proper light.

It is well known that, on the death of Leo X. Wolsey aspired to the papacy. His ambition in this respect has been sometimes censured; but we must agree with Mr. Galt, p. 81, that 'how this ambition should ever have been regarded as something very iniquitous is difficult to understand.' As the popedom was an elective office, we see nothing more reprehensible in Wolsey's becoming a candidate for it, than in any other individual's seeking any other post of distinction or of power. The great qualities of Wolsey eminently qualified him for the pontifical dignity; and the tiara would have been rather honoured than disgraced by being placed upon his brow. Had Wolsey been elected at this time some of the ravages of the reformation might have been repressed; and many of the vices of the Popish system quietly removed. The French and Imperial factions which at this period divided the conclave, appear to have been equally adverse to his pretensions, and not probably more, if so much, because he was a *tramontane*, as from the determination which he had already evinced to repress the licentiousness of the clergy, and to stem the torrent of ecclesiastical corruption. Even Mr. Galt gives Charles V. credit for

having exerted himself to procure the election of Wolsey; and this he does on the authority of a letter of that monarch in the Cottonian Library.

Mr. Galt seems to acquit Wolsey of blame in the trial and condemnation of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham. There was certainly no unfairness used in the judicial proceedings: and Hume says, that 'there is no reason to think the sentence unjust.' The ambition of the cardinal was not characterized by any of the blood thirstiness by which that passion is often defiled. Henry's jealousy of all persons allied to the crown is sufficient to account for the execution of Buckingham, without having recourse to the supposition that Wolsey employed his influence to intercept the exertion of the royal clemency.

Mr. Galt remarks of Wolsey, that he appears to have been in the habit of speaking his mind very plainly and unreservedly to foreign ambassadors on the conduct of their courts. In this, though some will perhaps regret a want of diplomatic subtlety and dissimulation, we behold with pleasure a rare instance of frankness and magnanimity in persons in his exalted station.

'Francis had ordered the goods, debts and persons, of the English in Bourdeaux to be arrested; an aggression which greatly astonished the inhabitants of London, and quickened the indignation with which his conduct had already inspired the government. The cardinal, instantly on receiving the news, sent for the French ambassador, and expressed, with the utmost acerbity, his opinion of Francis and his government; in being the first promoters of the league of London, and the first who had violated its engagements. "Francis," said Wolsey, "gave his word to the king, when they met in Picardy, that Albany should not be allowed to return to Scotland; and yet he has sent him there. What sort of a fellow must your master be?" The ambassador was then ordered to keep his house; and all the French and Scots in London were thrown into prison.'

'In an extract of a letter,' says Mr. Galt, 'from Sir Thomas Boleyn and Dr. Sampson, dated at Valladolid, the 8th of March, 1523, and which I have introduced in the appendix, they say, "truth it is, they think your grace very sore in words to the ambassador, the which, as is reported, they take not here as in the best part. Monsieur de Nassau showed us, that one day your grace said you would the emperor should show the money in hand for the great expedition, like as the king's highness shall for his part; otherwise you would believe nothing that the emperor should or might do; and that your

grace should have said other words, the which he could not rehearse, and would they had not been spoken." Wolsey treated them very properly. It would have been well if later ministers had dealt as plainly.

On the death of Pope Adrian, Wolsey was again disappointed in his endeavours to procure the papacy. Julius di Medici was preferred, who assumed the title of Clement VII. We can hardly approve the levity in the use of a scriptural expression of solemn import, which is evinced in the following. 'The cardinals at Rome, after spending fifty days in the conclave, were not likely to come to any decision; so that the Holy Ghost was again obliged to interfere, and the election, of course, was unanimous.' Perhaps there may be more wit in this than we have sagacity to discern.

Pope Julius appointed Wolsey legate for life, 'and conferred on him all the papal pretensions over England which he could alienate; sanctioning, in every other respect, the measures which he had adopted for the reformation of the clergy within his jurisdiction.' After this pope had begun to develop his real character, which contrary to the previous opinion entertained of him, was selfish and imbecile, Wolsey represented to him, 'in strong terms the evils that must inevitably ensue to Christendom, if his holiness, while the opinions of Luther infected every country, studied, as was reported, only the selfish aggrandizement of his own family and kindred.' * * * 'He pointed out the confidence which had been given to his holiness, and the expectation cherished, that his pontificate would prove renowned, by the removal of abuses, and the renovation of the papal dignity, which had been so visibly stricken by the wrath of Almighty God, since the heads of the church had become parties in the projects of secular princes.'

When Wolsey went on an embassy to Francis in 1527, he made a more than usual display of that exterior pomp, to which he appeared so much attached, and received a degree of courteous respect from the French monarch equal to what he could have shown to a brother king. Francis gave the cardinal the power of liberating most of the prisoners in the towns through which he passed. When the French king had come very near him with his guards, 'the cardinal only advanced a little way, and then stopped. Francis, surprised, sent forward one of his attendants to inquire the reason. Wolsey said that he expected to be met half way.' In this conduct there was none of the mean and pitiful servility which we have noticed in some of the diplomatic gentlemen of modern

times, who neither know how to maintain their own dignity nor that of their sovereign. Wolsey was not one of those insignificant and pusillanimous representatives of the nation at foreign courts, who bring contempt both upon themselves and upon their country, as what follows, as well as what has preceded will show. The cardinal, 'was frequently irritated by the chicanery of the French ministers. One evening, while Francis himself was present, he lost all patience, and starting from his seat, said to the French chancellor, indignantly, "Sir, it becomes not you to trifle with the friendship between our sovereigns; and if your master follow your practices, he shall not fail shortly to feel what it is to war against England;" and he immediately left the room, nor could he be persuaded to resume the discussion, until the mother of Francis had entreated him to return.'

This bold and decisive conduct succeeded in accomplishing the object of his embassy, which would probably have been frustrated by the timorous hesitation and obsequious courtesy of a less vigorous character. In one of the three treaties, which were concluded on this occasion, it was,

'declared that any commandment, sentence, bull, letter, or brief, proceeding from the pope in his present situation,' (that of a prisoner in the power of Charles V.) 'tending to the prejudice of French or English nations, or to (of) the legatine authority of Wolsey should not be obeyed; but that the bearer of them should be punished; and that, during the captivity of the pope, whatsoever the cardinal in conjunction with the other prelates of England, assembled by the king, determined in the ecclesiastical affairs of the English, should when sanctioned by his majesty, be valid and obligatory. The *like* was settled by the French. Thus was a radical alteration made in the constitution of Christendom.'

During the jeopardy of the present pope under the safe keeping of Bonaparte, why should not the Catholic hierarchy of Ireland come to a similar resolution to exclude his holiness from all power whatever in their ecclesiastical affairs? This would render nugatory the question about the VETO; and greatly facilitate the business of emancipation.

'The entertainment which the cardinal gave at Hampton Court to the French commissioners, who were sent to ratify the league, offensive and defensive, exceeded in splendour every banquet which had, before that time, been exhibited in England. Two hundred and eighty beds, with furniture of the costliest silks and velvets, and as many ewers and basons

of silver, were prepared for the guests. The halls were illuminated with innumerable sconces and branches of plate. Supper was announced by the sound of trumpets, and served with triumphal music. But the master was not yet come. He had been detained late in London, and the dessert, which consisted of figures, castles, and cathedrals, in confectionary, with all the emblems of ecclesiastical pomp, and the pageants of chivalry, was on the tables, when he entered booted and spurred. Having welcomed the guests, he called for a golden bowl, filled with hippocrass: the French commissioners were served, at the same time, with another, and they reciprocally drank to the health of their respective sovereigns. He then retired to dress; and, returning speedily to the company, exerted those convivial talents which had first contributed to his attainment of this excessive grandeur.

In 1518, Wolsey was one of the principal advisers of the establishment of the College of Physicians. 'Prior to that event,' says Mr. Galt, 'the state of the medical science was very low in England.' Has this same *medical science* risen to a very high pitch of excellence since that period? Has it not, in some instances, rather retrograded than advanced? Can we cure diseases with more certainty? Or has the college in Warwick-lane, made any addition to the number of specific remedies?

Mr. Galt says, that the history of Wolsey's 'munificence to literature relates chiefly to public institutions.' He adds that, 'the character of his mind fitted him to act happily only with wide and prospective considerations.' The truth is, that at this time the literary character was not very prevalent in the country; and when Wolsey could find but few learned individuals who were proper objects of patronage, he acted most wisely in providing seminaries for their production, and funds for their support. The cardinal founded several public lectures at Oxford, at a period when the dearth of books rendered this a more eligible mode of communicating knowledge than it is in the present state of things. Wolsey was authorized to revise the statutes both of Oxford and Cambridge; and Cambridge exceeding even Oxford in flattery, extolled the cardinal,

'as a man sent by a special order of divine Providence, for the benefit of mankind.' 'From the date,' says his present biographer, 'of the revisal of the statutes by Cardinal Wolsey, the progress of popular learning, and the improvement of the language, were rapid and extraordinary in the universities; in which, prior to that epoch, there was scarcely a member

distinguished by any proficiency in practical knowledge. They were inhabited only by men who had *dozed into corpulency* over the ponderous folios of scholastic divinity.' * * *

It is greatly to the honour of Wolsey that the college which he instituted at Oxford, 'was,' in the words of T. Warton, which are quoted by Mr. Galt, 'one of the first seminaries of an English university that professed to explode the pedantries of the old barbarous philosophy, and to cultivate the graces of polite literature.'

Mr. Galt has compiled an impartial account of the proceedings of Wolsey with respect to the king's divorce, which were the immediate occasion of his fall. Wolsey's conduct during this perplexing affair, appears on the whole to have been actuated more by a feeling of equity than of complaisance to the sovereign. In this instance, at least, he sacrificed his interest to what, if it were not a sense of duty, we are at a loss how to designate it by a more proper name.

Mr. Galt has selected from Cavendish and others the interesting particulars which accompanied the fall, and preceded the death of the cardinal. We will make one or two extracts from this part of the work as farther specimens of the execution. As Wolsey, after the orders he had received to retire to his see of York, was approaching Caywood Castle,

'A great conflux of people, drawn together by curiosity, waited to see him; among whom were the clergy of the diocese, who welcomed him with the reverence due to his pontifical dignity. The castle, having been long untenanted, required extensive repairs, which the cardinal immediately commenced: for nature and habit made him decisive and prompt in all circumstances. The short period of his residence in this ancient mansion was, perhaps, the happiest of his life. He appeared delighted with the composure of rural affairs; and, by the equity of his demeanour, and a mild condescension, which belied the reports of his haughtiness, he won the hearts of his diocesans. He professed himself a convert from ambition; and having suffered the perils and terrors of shipwreck, he was thankful that at length he had cast anchor in a calm and pleasant haven, with the expectation of safety and rest.'

'As he had never been installed in the archiepiscopal see, he gave orders to prepare the cathedral for the ceremony, and a day was appointed for the celebration. On this occasion the arrangements were unusually simple, and indicated the altered frame of his mind.

'The Monday after All-souls day was fixed for the installation; but on the preceding Friday, as he was sitting at din-

ner, the Earl of Northumberland, who, while Lord Percy, had been educated in his house, and whose intended marriage with Ann Bullen the cardinal had been the means of frustrating, accompanied by a privy counsellor and a large retinue arrived at the castle. He was received with a paternal and a cheerful welcome, and conducted by Wolsey into his own apartments; where they had not, however, exchanged many words, when the earl became agitated, and, in a low and troubled voice, declared him arrested for high treason. Astonished by a charge so unexpected, Wolsey, for some time, was unable to speak, but, recovering his spirits, he requested Northumberland to show the warrant, protesting that otherwise he would not surrender himself; for, as a member of the college of cardinals, he was exempted from the jurisdiction of all secular princes. At this moment the privy counsellor entered the room. Wolsey, on seeing him, observed that, as a counsellor of the king, he was sufficiently commissioned to take him into custody, and immediately intimated that he was their prisoner. "I fear not," added he, "the cruelty of my enemies, nor a scrutiny of my allegiance; and I take heaven to witness, that neither in word or deed have I injured the king, and will maintain my innocence face to face with any man alive."

'When it was known in the neighbourhood that he was to be conveyed to London, a great crowd assembled round the castle; and as he came out on his mule, guarded, the people began to exclaim, "God save your grace, and foul evil overtake them that have taken you from us." With these and other testimonies of popular affection, he was followed to a considerable distance.'

'On the evening of the third day, after leaving Sheffield park, he approached Leicester. The appearance of nature accorded with the condition of the prisoner. The end of the year was drawing nigh, and the cardinal beheld for the last time the falling leaf and the setting sun.

'When the cavalcade reached the monastery, the day was shut in; and the abbot and the friars, apprized of his coming, waited, with torches, at the gate to receive him. But the honours of this world had ceased to afford him pleasure, and as he passed towards the bottom of the stairs, he said to the brotherhood, "I am come to lay my bones among you." Being supported into a chamber, he immediately went to bed, and languished, with increasing signs of dissolution, all the next day. The following morning, Cavendish, his usher, and afterwards historian, as he was watching near him, thought that he perceived the symptoms of death. The cardinal, noticing him, inquired the hour, and was told eight o'clock; "that cannot be," he replied, "for at eight o'clock you shall lose your master. My time is at hand, and I must depart this world." His confessor, who was standing near, requested Cavendish to in-

quire, if he would be confessed. "What have you to do with that?" answered he angrily; but was pacified by the interference of the confessor. Continuing to grow weaker and weaker, he frequently fainted during the course of the day. About four o'clock the following morning he asked for some refreshment; which having received, and made confession, Sir William Kingston entered his room, and inquired how he felt himself. "Sir," said Wolsey, "I tarry but the pleasure of God, to render up my poor soul into his hands;" and, after a few other words between them, he resumed, "I have now been eight days together troubled with a continual flux and fever, a species of disease, which, if it do not remit its violence within that period, never fails to terminate in death. I pray you commend me humbly to the king; and beseech him, in my behalf, to call to his princely remembrance all matters that have passed between him and me, particularly, in what respects the business of the queen, and then he must know whether I have given him any offence. He is a prince of a most royal nature; but rather than want any part of his pleasure, he will endanger the half of his kingdom. Often have I knelt before him for three hours together, endeavouring to persuade him from his will and appetite, and could not prevail. Had I served God as diligently as I have done the king, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs." He then continued for a short time to give Sir William some advice, in case he should ever be called to the privy council, and adding a few general observations on the revolutionary temper of the times, concluded by saying, "Farewell, I wish all good things to have success. My time draws fast on. I may not tarry with you. Forget not what I have said; and when I am gone, call it often to mind." Towards the conclusion he began to falter, and linger in the articulation of his words. At the end, his eyes became motionless, and his sight failed. The abbot was summoned to administer the extreme unction, and the yeomen of the guard were called in to see him die. As the clock struck eight he expired.

We entirely agree with Mr. Galt that 'few have been thrown down from so great a height' as Cardinal Wolsey, 'under the imputation of smaller crimes.' Hume remarks that 'the parliament, when they examined Wolsey's conduct, could find no proof of any material offence he had ever committed.' Most of the articles of impeachment against him appear to have been futile and weak, and totally unsupported by proof. The envy by which he was malignd in the height of his prosperity vented itself in falsehoods to blacken his character when he was deserted by the royal favour. There is one part of Wolsey's conduct which redounds greatly to his credit, and especially when compared with that of his successor in the

chancellorship, who is usually placed in the highest rank of English worthies.

'The disciples of the reformation,' says Hume, 'met with little severity during the ministry of Wolsey, who, though himself a clergyman, bore too small a regard to the ecclesiastical order to serve as an instrument of their tyranny. It was even an article of impeachment against him, that, by his contrivance, he had encouraged the growth of heresy, and that he had protected and acquitted some notorious offenders.'

If this part of his conduct be compared with that of Sir Thomas More, the humanity, toleration, and good sense of Wolsey will be seen in a very resplendent light. The wit, learning, and integrity of Sir Thomas More, great as they were, had not sufficient force, either separate or united, to banish the Demon, Bigotry, from his breast. 'Few men,' says Hume, 'have been guilty of greater violence in their persecution of heresy.'

The rise of Wolsey, like that of most other men, who are elevated from indigence and obscurity to affluence and distinction, was at first owing to fortuitous circumstances. But such circumstances, though they afford favourable opportunities for the display of great qualities, do not supply their place. If Wolsey owed the first steps of his advancement to the felicities of chance, he was indebted for the subsequent to his singular diligence, and pre-eminent abilities. High as he ascended in the scale of power, his ambition was always rather above, than below the level of his station. Hence his pecuniary avidity, as far as it ministered to his predominant passion, was insatiable. His revenues, great as they were, were never sufficiently ample for the execution of his grand projects, and for the display of that magnificence with which he attempted to dazzle every beholder. All his schemes were vast, but vast as they were, he had the talent not to let them evaporate in airy speculation, but to embody them in solid realities. The splendor of his retinue, the costly furniture of his palaces, and his attention to what the French call *representation*, might seem to indicate vanity; if vanity were not concentrated in more petty and frivolous volitions than what could find a place in the mind of Wolsey. His vanity, if he had any quality which merited that name, was at least coextensive with his ambition. And his ambition, if it were not unlimited, was confined within no narrow bounds. We are inclined to believe that it was rather a misfortune for Europe, and particularly for his mother country, that he did not obtain the

papacy; as we think that he would have effected some useful reforms in the ecclesiastical polity of Christendom; and by promoting the intellectual improvement of the clergy, have rendered them more active and more energetic instruments in promoting European civilization. In that race of mental improvement, which was excited by the discovery of the divine art of printing, Wolsey very sagaciously saw that the clergy would soon become insignificant and contemptible, if they suffered the laity to outstrip them in the intellectual course. Hence his object was to animate the ecclesiastical orders to such a vigorous cultivation of their rational faculties, as might render them pre-eminent in philosophy and science. His noble institutions for the encouragement of learning, merit for him a place amongst the most munificent patrons of literature who have ever graced the annals of this country. England has, never since his time, been governed by any minister so sincerely zealous to promote the diffusion of knowledge, and the general cultivation of the mind.

Before we conclude this article, we must remark, that we cannot bestow much praise either on the narrative or the diction. Mr. Galt has made no additions of any importance to the former accounts of the cardinal; and the language in which he has retailed what was known before, is occasionally stiff, awkward, affected, and destitute of taste.

ART. VII.—*Hakluyt's Collection of the early Voyages, Travels, and Discoveries of the English Nation. A New Edition, with Additions, 1809, 10, 11. Vols. I. II. III. IV. 4to. London. £12. 12s.*

THE collectors of the original, or as they would style it, the 'genuine and uncastrated' Hakluyt, will rue the present judicious re-publication; for it has, we understand, already much depreciated the sale of the former editions. We are not altogether advocates for the present fashion of reprinting all ancient and scarce works. Many volumes which have lately been revived, had reached a good old age, and it was natural that they should die, and be forgotten. Of this sort is Rastell's *Pastime of the People*, Withers, Heyrick, Carew, and much obsolete trash of the 'olden tyme.' Other books again have been most ridiculously reprinted as *fac similes*, for no one good purpose that we can conjecture. There are not five scholars

probably in the country who desiderated a *fac simile* of the first edition of Shakspeare : and, except to a pampered bibliomaniac, we cannot conceive the use of Lady Juliana Berners's 'Boke of Hunting,' &c. reprinted in the black letter, and selling at the wonderfully cheap price of five pounds.*!!

We should doubt if a republication of the Chronicles can generally answer to the sellers and purchasers : but, be it as it may, we hardly think it worth the while to saturate the public with so many enormous volumes, the whole marrow of which has been picked out, and frequently served up by our best historians. With books which require a new chronological arrangement, which have not been thoroughly sifted, and which are become unattainable to the student, the case is different. We highly applaud the speculation which has suffered even us poor critics to purchase at a moderate rate Lord Somers's Tracts, Sir R. Sadleir's Papers, and the Harleian Miscellany. For no book, however, are we perhaps so much indebted to them, as for Hakluyt; and we should delight to hear that 'Purchas's Pilgrims' will speedily follow it.

Four volumes are already printed; the fifth will contain some most useful additions: but it is not likely to be published for some time. It is well known that the Voyage to Cadiz, by the Earl of Essex, was expunged from as many copies of the old Hakluyt, as Queen Elizabeth's influence could cause to be castrated. She was a good hater, and persecuted the memory of the lover whom she murdered, by mutilating, or abolishing, as far as in her lay, the history of his former success and glories. This circumstance has tended not a little to the rarity of *complete* sets of the old edition. We need scarcely add, that the present contains *all* the collection of Hakluyt.

This is the first attempt at a collection of voyages in our language. It was originally printed 1582, then in three volumes folio in the years 1599 and 1600, and purported to comprise 'the principal navigations, voyages, traffiques, discoveries of the English nation, made by sea or over land, to the remote and farthest distant quarter of the East, of any time within the compass of these 160 years.' Of the collection we shall quote a short notice from Zouch's Life of Sir Philip Sidney.

'Every reader conversant in the annals of our naval transac-

* This volume, which is very thin, and reprinted as a *fac simile*, was published at £5.!! We understand a copy now cannot be got for £8.!!!!

tions, will cheerfully acknowledge the merit of Richard Hakluyt, who devoted his studies to the investigation of those periods of the English history, which regard the improvement of navigation and commerce. He had the advantage of an academical education. He was elected student of Christ Church, in Oxford, in 1570, and was therefore contemporary with Sidney at the university. To him we are principally indebted for a clear and comprehensive description of those noble discoveries of the English nation made by sea or over land to the most distant quarter of the earth. His incomparable industry was remunerated with every possible encouragement by Sir Francis Walsingham, and Sir Philip Sidney. To the latter, as to a most generous promoter of all ingenious and useful knowledge, he inscribed his first collection of voyages and discoveries, printed in 1582. Thus animated and encouraged, he was enabled to leave posterity the fruits of his unwearied labours—an invaluable treasure of nautical information, preserved in volumes, which even at this day, affix to his name a brilliancy of reputation, which a series of ages can never efface or obscure.

Notwithstanding this testimony of Zouch to the merits of Hakluyt, yet says Oldys, in his *British Librarian*, 1788, 'As it has been such a leading star to the naval histories since compiled; and saved from the wreck of oblivion, many exemplary incidents in the lives of our most renowned navigators; it has therefore been unworthily omitted in the English historical library.'

From collating, as they are called, the two editions of 1582 and 1599, Oldys is inclined to believe that they are not really different publications, but the same, with the not uncommon deceit of a new title-page. We are surprised that the modern editors have given no preface, or account of the work; and we now proceed to a short description of it, according to the arrangement they have observed.

Vol. I. The first portion of this volume consists of voyages made to the north, and north-east quarters; and the last, of 151 relations of 'ambassages, treatises, privileges, letters, and other observations, depending upon the voyages of this first volume.' Some of these are written in barbarous verses, of which a short sample will suffice.

'Of the commodious stock-fish of Island, and keeping of the sea, namely the narrow sea, with an incident of the keeping of Caleis:

'Of Island to write is litle nede,
Save of stock-fish: yet forsooth in deed
Out of Bristowe, and costes many one
Men have practised by nedle and by stone

Thider wardes within a little while,
 Within twelve yere, and without perill
 Goh and come, as men were wont of old
 Of Scarborough unto the costes cold, &c. p. 223.

As this is an instance of the most barbarous and uncouth *traffique* preserved by Hakluyt, so there are many hundreds of pages written in a flowing and easy style, and in the best manner of the reign of Elizabeth.

Vol. II. The commencement of this volume contains the vanquishing of the Spanish Armada in 1588, and the 'honourable' voyage to Cadiz in 1596. The remainder consists, with papers, &c. as supplementary to them, of voyages made by and within the Streight of Gibraltar, to the south and south-east quarters of the world. In the account of the Spanish Armada the language is peculiarly quaint and entertaining, and as it may incite some readers to peruse the whole of a most interesting account, we cannot abstain from offering a short sample.

'Likewise, the queene's majestie herselfe, imitating the ancient Romans, rode into London in triumph, in regard of her owne and her subjects glorious deliverance. For being attended upon very solemnly by all the principal estates and officers of her realme, she was carried throw her sayd city of London in a tryumphant chariot, and in robes of triumph, from her palace unto the cathedral church of Saint Paul, out of the which the ensignes and colours of the vanquished Spaniards hung displayed. And all the citizens of London in their liveries stood on either side the street, by their severall companies, with their ensignes and banners; and the streets were hanged on both sides with blew cloth, which, together with the foresayd banners, yelded a very stately and gallant prospect. Her majestie being entered into the church, together with her clergie and nobles, gave thanks unto God, and caused a publike sermon to be preached before her at Paul's Crosse; wherein none other argument was handled, but that praise, honour, and glory, might be rendered unto God, and that God's name might be extolled by thanksgiving. And with her owne princely voice she most Christianly exhorted the people to doe the same; whereupon the people with a loud acclamation wished her a most long and happy life, to the confusion of her foes.'

'Thus the magnificent, huge, and mighty fleet of the Spaniards, which themselves termed in all places invincible, such as sayled not upon the ocean sea many hundred yceres before, in the yeere 1588 vanished into smoake.' V. II. 17.

The '*voiage*' to Cadiz is, as we before hinted, one of the most curious articles in this voluminous book.

V. III. The second part of the second volume, in the original edition, forms, in the new arrangement, the com-

mencement of the third. With the usual supplementary papers, it includes voyages made without the Streight of Gibraltar to the 'south and south-east quarter of the world.' Then follows a catalogue of the English voyages undertaken for the discovery of a N. W. passage to the northern parts of America; and of others to Newfoundland, and the different coasts of America, north and south. There are few portions of history more romantic or amusing than those which treat of the early voyages to the new continent. On the whole, we esteem the third volume, as it now stands, the most interesting part of the compilation.

V. IV. consists chiefly of West Indian voyages; the first of which is the celebrated navigation of a 'certaine English man named Francis Drake, with a ship called the Dragon, and another ship, and a pinnesse.' The supplement also contains much diverting matter, and particularly the *Voyage de la Brocquiere*, which we were concerned that Mr. Johnes mutilated so much, by avowed abridgement, in his translation. It is much more edifying to peruse the story of the '*premier écuyer tranchant*,' in his native old French, than in modern English.

We should have deferred these short remarks on the four volumes of Hakluyt's compilation, till the fifth, (purporting to consist of additional matter) made its appearance: but after many months' expectation, we deemed it but fair to our readers to introduce them to the new edition of a neglected, but most useful, instructive, and entertaining work. The fifth volume shall pass in review before us, as soon as published.

It is as grateful as it is curious to cast a retrospective glance at the small beginnings whence our naval fame originated, and it is delightful to converse with the navigators of the day in their own language; to learn their quaint terms; to exult with the narrators themselves at their discoveries, and even to honour their prejudices.—How much more pleasing, to read such a collection as old Hakluyt, than to be led through volumes of modern orthography and interpolation, where not only the ideas and the words evaporate, but very frequently facts themselves are distorted, or are so bedizened and tricked out, as to cause disgust in a sensible reader.

ART. VIII.—*The History of Myself and my Friend, a Novel.* By Anne Plumptre, 4 Vols. London: Colburn, 1813. £1. 8s.

WE need not inform our readers that the fair author of these volumes is the Miss Plumptre who has distinguished herself in the literary world, by her indefatigable industry as a German translator. This novel bears very strong marks of the German school; at least, as far as *prosing* dullness and stupifying prolixity are concerned. We must own that we found it a very powerful narcotic; so powerful indeed are its soporific powers, that we defy the most wakeful of all the tribe of novel readers, with this work before them, to resist the happy agency of the drowsy god. After the perusal of a few pages, they will find their eyes *drawing straws*, and certain weighty indications on the eye-lids will present a sure sign of a comfortable nap. Yet this novel is not, as far as we know, borrowed from the German, but a work of Miss Plumptre's entire fancy; or, as little children express themselves, *all out of her own head*. We own that in this kind of writing, it is extremely difficult for a writer to strike out any thing new; for almost every character in life has been pourtrayed and repourtrayed, now vamped and dressed up, again and again, to suit the various tales, histories, and adventures, that issue from the press in such ephemeral swarms. Yet we cannot help thinking, that though character may be a good deal *out-written*, the field remains open for the display of cheerfulness, of wit, and of fun; none of which pleasurable ingredients, we are sorry to say, make their appearance in 'the History of Myself and my Friend.'

This history opens with an account of a worthy young clergyman and his family of the name of Armstrong. Mr. Armstrong resides in the village of Langham, in the county of Wilts; he is left a widower, eighteen months after his marriage, with an infant son. This son, gentle reader, is '*My Friend*;' and '*Myself*' is no other personage than a Master Danville, the only hope of the blacksmith of the said village. The fifth chapter of this history opens with the pedigree of this renowned youth; and after two or three pages of dull conjecture upon the probability and the possibility of establishing the antiquity of the Danville family, our fair author gravely concludes, that it is a matter of great likelihood that the present hero was regularly descended from Japhat, the 'eldest son' of Noah. Our

hero's father is represented as a man of lofty ambition and aspiring genius; for, independently of exercising his talents at the forge and anvil, he is the physician of the village both for man and horse. He attains also to the dignity of parish clerk, a mender of clocks, and a teacher of psalm-singing. With all these 'blushing honours thick upon him,' our blacksmith determines to make a great man of this his only son and heir, which young gentleman made his appearance in this world of trouble and sorrow, just ten years after his father's marriage with one of the daughters of Eve, who was a person of equal consequence with her husband, being the *accoucheuse* of the village, the rearer of chickens and ducks, and the keeper of an *omnium gatherum* shop.

As the determination of this worthy couple is to aggrandize their family, and transmit the name of Danville to the latest posterity with all possible honour, our hero is prohibited from fixing upon any of the various *professions* which are exercised by his ingenious papa, except it shall happen to be that of *physic*, by which profession, he had hopes that the youth might, at some future period, be included in a batch of baronets, and be called Sir James or Sir Matthew Danville. It is, however, at length determined that this son of Vulcan shall be a clergyman, and rise to the highest dignity in the church. This important point being settled, next follows a long and heavy account of the good man's deliberations about the christian name of his son, which, at last, is settled to be that of Samuel, for the following important reasons:

'In the first place, I was born after many years of unfruitful marriage; in the next place, I was destined, like Samuel, to minister at the altar of the Lord; in the third place, as Samuel became high-priest of the Jews, so he hoped that I should rise to the highest honours in the Christian church; and lastly, my mother's name was Hannah, which seemed to point out that of Samuel as particularly appropriate for her son. It was totally out of the question to give me his own name, since he had the misfortune to be called Robert, a name no where to be found in scripture.'

Master Samuel Danville is, after a time, allowed to visit at the rectory, and become the play-fellow and companion of Mr. Armstrong's son, who is one year younger than the son of the blacksmith. From this time, we have the most *circumstantial* and *sprightly* details of *Myself* (viz. the blacksmith,) and *my Friend*, the parson's son, till they arrive at manhood, marry, and become fathers of families.

Master Danville is such a well-behaved boy, and reads his testament so well, that Mr. Armstrong is induced to instruct him with his son. The progress he makes raises the hopes of his father to such a degree that he ventures to disclose to Mr. Armstrong his ardent wishes of seeing his son a minister of the Church of England. Mr. Armstrong approves the blacksmith's projects of aggrandizement, and gets the boy into Christ's Hospital.

We are then *entertained* with the difference observable in the dispositions of these young gentlemen. Master Blacksmith, however, is all that is industrious, and all that is wise, and all that is good. In fact, he is a prodigy of sense, and acquires the dead and living languages with astonishing facility. In addition to all this, his manners are the manners of a gentleman; and in the end, he turns out a diamond of the first water. Master Armstrong, of course, is to make a contrast to the above, and his boyish character, which grows up with him, is thus delineated:

'But carelessness and thoughtlessness seemed so much a part of Walter's nature, that it was entirely out of his father's power to counteract them: his advancement in age, far from rendering him more steady, seemed only to increase this sole defect in his disposition. I say defect, for such it really was, and nothing worse; it was not want of capacity, it was not waywardness or perverseness; he was ready at learning, he was desirous of pleasing his father; but a nameless something, easier comprehended than defined, was always at variance with his wishes. His head seemed like a filtering stone, retaining for a short time what was put into it, but by little and little it was constantly oozing out: it was only by repeatedly and repeatedly learning the same thing, that any part of it remained impressed on his mind. And yet there was, in other respects, no defect in his memory:—at the same time, that whatever he learned by study was instantly forgotten; events were remembered by him with perfect accuracy, and very circumstantially, even some that had passed when he was such a mere infant that it could hardly be supposed he would then have noticed them.'

Not so with Master Blacksmith; his tasks were always performed with the utmost correctness at their appointed time; and his memory, instead of having any of the properties of the filtering stone, was the happiest in the world, being one of very adhesive tenacity and permanent retention. But with all the brilliant prospects of the church before his eyes, the youth evinced, to the great horror of his father, a *natural penchant* to the forge and anvil; and he accordingly regarded the talents of his father, in the exercise of his trade, as something 'super-

human ;' and to his comprehension, the touch-stone of a great man was the shoeing a horse so as not to strike the nail too far into the hoof. As, in the mind of our hero, this was the criterion, the very quintessence of greatness, and, as he was taught by his father to consider the good rector, Mr. Armstrong, as a much greater man than himself, and that he was, if he continued a good boy and attended to his Latin, to be as great a man as the rector, Master Blacky was astonished that he had never seen the implements of shoeing at the rectory. The account of the boy's perplexity on this occasion is somewhat curious.

'I could not imagine where the rector could perform his exploits in the god Vulcan's art. I was, however, so fully persuaded that such exploits must be performed by him, that in the simplicity of my heart, one day when Walter and I had both been very good boys, and our diligence at our lessons had been much commended by our instructor, I could not refrain from asking him whether, as we had been so good, he would not show us his work-shop, and let us see him work the next time he had a horse to shoe. I have often heard him say that he was excessively surprized at this request, and could not imagine what had prompted it, or led me to suppose that he ever did shoe horses ; nor was he less amused when, on his inquiring into the matter, I explained what was passing in my mind, and expressed the utmost astonishment at finding that he was totally ignorant of my father's art. He very good-naturedly endeavoured to make me understand that different people must be differently employed, and each might be a great man in his way, although their employments were dissimilar. That it was my father's business to shoe horses, and to do many other very useful things of the like description, but that it would not be right for every body to be employed in the same way. That it was his business to pray to God, and to teach people to be good, that they might deserve the favour of God and of their fellow-creatures ; and to write sermons, and instruct young people as he did me and his son Walter. This explanation however did not satisfy me : I still could not comprehend but that a mechanical occupation, and above all, that which my father followed, must require talents far superior to those requisite for praying and preaching, or for instructing children. A child, I said, could learn Greek and Latin, but a child could not shoe a horse ;—I therefore inferred, that the latter must be the more difficult, consequently the more manly occupation, and sighed, above all things, for the time when I should be a man, and able to work like my father. I will own too, when I found that the rector could not shoe a horse, his consequence was for a while somewhat diminished in my eyes.'

This young Vulcan was so attached, for some time, to

his father's employment, that his happiest moments were spent in the work-shop; and he mortified his iron sire extremely not only by exhibiting his passion for the forge, but by wounding his vanity in the following manner :

“It was Mr. Armstrong's practice occasionally to invite some of the farmers of his parish to eat roast beef and plum pudding with him, after the good old English fashion; and my father, though not a farmer, yet as parish-clerk, was invited in his turn to these parties. At one of them, to which I had been also invited as a visitor to Walter, as we were sitting after dinner, the conversation taking a turn, which my father thought favourable to showing off my learning, he asked me as a question, *à-propos* to what was passing, what was Latin for a horse? I replied very coolly, and not as if feeling the least distrust of being right—*Horsus*. I know not what evil dæmon possessed me at that moment; I certainly knew the proper word very well, if I had considered for only half a second; but I was very much occupied with a walnut which I was peeling, and probably thought more of that than gratifying my father's vanity; so answered at random, without bestowing a thought on what I said. “Why Samuel,” said Mr. Armstrong, “what are you thinking of? I never knew you guilty of such a mistake before:—recollect yourself.” I endeavoured to do so; but shame, at having been wrong, had seized upon me so forcibly that I could not recover my error, or recal to my mind the right word, till it was given me by Mr. Armstrong.

“I dare say, however,” says one of the company, “that he knows very well how many nails are put into a horse's shoe.”—To this I, thinking to retrieve my lost credit by the readiness and accuracy of my present answer, replied without the least hesitation, “eight in common, sometimes ten, and, if they want to put the shoe on very fast, then twelve.” “Aye, aye,” said the honest farmer, “I was sure he could tell that.”

“I have often heard my father say that it was impossible to express the mortification occasioned him by what had passed. That I should be more ready with answering how many nails were put in a horse's shoe, than what was Latin for a horse, appeared such a lamentable proof, how much more likely I was to make a great blacksmith than a great divine, that he almost despaired of seeing his family, through me at least, taken out of their original groveling situation. One useful lesson, however, he was taught by the disgrace I had incurred, and that was, never again to attempt showing off my learning before my neighbours.”

As our young blacksmith grows up, the love for the forge decreases. He pursues his studies at Christ's Hospital with great credit to himself and to the delight of his father. But a dangerous illness, into which his friend Mr. Arm-

strong fell, and which threatened his life, made our hero reflect how very forlorn he would be left, should he be deprived by death of this very excellent friend. He is led to contemplate, with no little feeling of disgust, the possible necessity of associating with people of his own rank in life, above whom he had been raised by a classical education. And here we must remark, that it too often proves a source of self-corrosion and discontent, rather than of complacency and happiness, when young people are brought up above their equals in birth, and not in unison with their probable condition in life. This is too prevalent a propensity in the times; and accordingly too many young men and women in the lower walks of life are continually aping that greatness and quality to which they have no pretensions; and fretfully aiming to surpass their neighbours, not in probity and diligence, but in that exterior finery and show which is neither suitable to their circumstances, nor compatible with their means. Hence is nurtured a base and unworthy pride which is very unfavourable to goodness of disposition or uprightness of conduct. Hence a contemptible hankering after petty and fallacious distinctions, which are often supported by falsehood or by fraud. If the daughter of a tradesman is asked what her father is—he is not a shoe-maker or a cobbler, he is a *contractor* for the army or navy. If the girls are got out into families as house or waiting maids, and they are asked what *places* they hold, they turn up their noses at the word *place*—it is, I have a *situation* in such a family; the abigail calls herself a *lady's companion*; and Betty, the chamber-maid, to avoid the horrible imputation of carrying the slop-pail, tells you she is the *upper-maid*, and waits on the young ladies. Thus a pretty large portion of society seems to be ashamed of being thought to do their duty. The mother of a family feels a repugnance, as if it were something totally *unbecoming*, to be seen nursing her infant or ironing her linen. The retailer of coals would be shocked if he was not called a merchant; and a *fancy dress maker* would be near fainting to be accosted as a mantua-maker.

Our hero of the forge looked at things in a very different light; he thought that if Mr. Armstrong was taken from him, he should have more reason to deplore the ambition of his father in giving him a superior education and setting him above his birth, than if he had taught him to go no further in his learning than to read the Bible fluently, and to shoe the *wild colt*. The following is a useful admoni-

tion to fondly ambitious parents, for it must be remembered that every one cannot meet with the prosperous fate of our young Vulcan.

'These kind of reflections intruded themselves at that time (during his friend's illness) so often upon me, that I was more than once induced to ask myself whether there was not as much pain as pleasure in being raised by education so far above our parents and natural connections, that our intercourse with them can no longer be on that footing of perfect ease and equality so delightful between parents and children; that the respect and attention we pay them, must arise rather from a sense of duty than from that sweet sympathy and perfect union of hearts which ought to bind together persons standing in so near and dear a relationship. I know that the moment when I was first fully impressed with the little equality there was between my parents and myself, was a very painful one; so painful that I half wished my old attachment to my father's trade had never forsaken me, but that I had retained it so pertinaciously as to render it impossible to push me into any other way of life.'

These feelings are very natural to a sensitive cultivated mind; yet though we may in life meet with a few instances of this sensibility, and a great many where fathers and mothers, in their endeavours to elevate their offspring above their original circumstances, have cut out nothing but misery for themselves; yet the ardent longing of a parent to raise his children above their native sphere is not to be hastily condemned. It is always laudable in itself, but the attempt is not always judicious, nor productive of happiness to the object. For every new made gentleman is not like our *Vulcanian* hero. We have heard it remarked, though there are doubtless many exceptions, that it takes three generations to make a gentleman; but not so with Miss Plumptre's hero—he casts the slough which might be supposed naturally to attach to him from the lowliness of his origin, and jumps into the gentleman with as much ease as if he and all his ancestors had been bred and born noblemen, instead of blacksmiths, cow-doctors, clock-menders, and parish-clerks.

Having brought our hero to that time of life when he was to determine upon his profession, we shall take leave of him with informing our readers that, having some awkward qualms about gratifying his father's ambition, he at first declines going into the church, but enters as a clerk to a merchant in the coal trade, falls in love with the niece of the worthy rector, and after undergoing various palpitations, doubts, hopes, expectations, and despondencies, incidental to a lover, is, at length, quietly yoked to the

fair object of his wishes, when he takes orders, and in due time becomes the rector of the parish of Langham, to which his father had been parish-clerk, cow-doctor, blacksmith, psalm singer, &c. &c. &c.

From the brief abstract which we have given of one of the principal characters, our readers may form some idea of the *spirit* of the book; and, if they have patience to wade through four large volumes without feeling a resistless inclination to slumber and sleep, we own, we shall think them deserving of being ranked amongst the patient Grizzles of the present day.

We fear that our fair friend will be a little surprised at our thinking her novel too long; but we have felt very severely in the perusal what Miss Plumtre wished her readers might be strangers to, weariness and ennui. In speaking of the length of her work, she says,

‘One of the sage observations I have made in my passage through life, is, that authors and readers are not always *tout à-fait d’accord*,’ (to this we most readily subscribe, and we speak feelingly,) ‘as to the length to which the one may extend what the other is destined to peruse; and while the author thinks himself so amusing that he can never give his readers too much, the reader, on the contrary, finds him so dull, that ere half the first volume is travelled over he begins to yawn, and before the end he is laid fast asleep; so that the remaining volumes stand a fair chance of not being read at all. This being a frequent state of the case between the author and his readers, I think it upon the whole, better not to exceed *four volumes*.’

Considerate! But, how much more so, should we have thought our authoress, had she been pleased to have compressed the four volumes into two! Nay we should not have been violently chagrined, if the blacksmith’s son had been actually hammered into the portable dimensions of one single duodecimo.

ART. IX.—*Thoughts on the Utility and Expediency of the Plans proposed by the British and Foreign Bible Society.* By Edward Maltby, D. D. Prebendary of Leighton Bussard, in the Cathedral Church of Lincoln, &c. London: Cadell.

DR. Maltby strenuously recommends that, instead of a profuse and indiscriminate distribution of the *whole* of the Old and New Testaments, a selection should be

made which should comprehend the most easily intelligible and practically useful parts of both. There are certainly many parts of the New, and more of the Old Testament, which are either hard to be understood, or which, if understood, are of little or no moral benefit, as they are applicable only to temporary interests or fugitive objects; and, though they may excite the curiosity of the learned, contain nothing which can interest or edify the generality of mankind. It is, however, a very common and widely diffused prejudice that every iota of the Bible, (including in that term both the Old and New Testaments,) is of equal sanctity and importance; and if we were to give to such persons only a mutilated or imperfect portion of this holy book, instead of the whole, it would excite in their minds a feeling allied to that of sacrilege and profanation. It would give rise to a violent and fanatical outcry as if we had treated the Word of God with the most contemptuous indignity, or rent the temple of Christianity in twain from the roof of the edifice to the very base. Whether it be wise to shew any respect to this prejudice we shall not stay minutely to inquire; we shall only remark that a rude assault upon it would be very likely, amongst the less informed part of mankind, to make an impression, at least for the present, very unfavourable to the popular belief in revelation. The people would say, this Bible Society, as it is called, is afraid to let us see the whole Bible; and therefore has given us only a garbled extract of the scriptures, in order to keep us in ignorance, for some sinister or interested purpose. While the Bible from the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelations is represented to the vulgar as the Inspired Word of God, we are inclined to believe that it would neither be wise nor discreet to disseminate the opinion which would arise out of the plan suggested by Dr. Maltby, that, a large part of the contents of this inspired book, this word of God, is unfit for them to read.

The distribution of Bibles according to the plan of the society to which this pamphlet of Dr. Maltby applies, may, and we trust, will be productive of great good; but it is not likely to be an unmixed good, for common experience, and particularly the history of fanaticism, prove that it may be mixed with a great deal of evil; that the word of God may be grossly misinterpreted; and be perverted to favour the growth of vice and the multiplication of crimes. But in this state of things,

what good is there, which is either unmixed with evil, or with which evil may not be mixed? And though Dr. Maltby, in his selection of scriptural readings would remove all those parts of the Old and New Testament, which, being most obscure, are most likely to be misunderstood, yet still he could not help leaving enough for ignorance or fanaticism to misapply. By omitting to distribute St. Paul's epistles along with the writings of the Evangelists, Dr. M. would so far deprive the Calvinist of some of the strong armour with which he girds himself for the attack upon reason and common sense, and of the spear and the shield with which, while he defends his own hypothesis, he prostrates that of his enemies in the dust. But still, plain as the precepts in the Evangelists seem, we have known instances in which they have been most strangely perverted and fatally misunderstood. For instance we remember a case of a man whom this precept '*if thy right hand offend thee cut it off*,' induced to chop off his wrist in order to manifest his obedience. In short, if we refuse to distribute the whole Bible, because some parts of it may be misunderstood, or misapplied, we hardly know where we ought to stop: for, when we have to deal with ignorance and fanaticism, what is there which may not be misunderstood or misapplied? If we distribute either the whole Bible or only certain parts of the Bible, the effect will not always correspond with the benevolent intention. The tares will come up with the wheat; and virtue will not always be the fruit of scriptural information. Though we think there is much force in some of Dr. Maltby's remarks, and though the pamphlet is very creditable to his candour, good sense and moderation, yet we are of opinion that it is upon the whole and on a fair and impartial view of the inconveniencies on either side, better to give the people the entire genuine scriptures according to the plan of the Bible Society, rather than any imperfect selection or epitome. Whichever plan, may be adopted, though some evil may result from both, we trust that it will in either be overwhelmed by a preponderance of good: and that the individual instances of perversion, will not be sufficient to be placed in competition with the general mass of moral edification. But let not Dr. Maltby on one side, nor the Bible Society on the other, suppose that the plan which he suggests or that which they adopt, will at all tend to produce unanimity of opinion on religious topics, or to bring the theological

notions of men into the focus of one simple creed. Religion is not a topic on which men will soon, if ever, think alike; and, perhaps, it is of little consequence how differently they think with respect to points of speculation, or the mysteries of faith, as long as they consider Charity to be the bond of perfectness, and the end of the commandment.

ART. X.—*C. Plinii Cæcilii Secundi Epistolarum Libri X. recensuit notisque illustravit Gottlieb Erdmann Gierig. Prof. Trem. II. T. Lipsiæ, 8vo.*

WHEN we felt it incumbent on us to remark on the incapacity of Gierig, as an editor of Ovid, we gave a pledge, which we now redeem, of saying a few words on his edition of Pliny the Younger. As this book is worse edited even than the *Metamorphoses*, we shall dwell very briefly on it, and endeavour to shew, that, however scarce continental books have become, this is not one among them that ought to fill even a temporary place on the shelf of a scholar.

Melmoth, in his preface to his translation of Pliny's Letters, has well remarked, that 'a true critic is a kind of censor in the republic of letters; and none who wish well to its interests, would desire to restrain or to suppress his office.' Under the sanction therefore of him, who seems to have entered into the spirit of Pliny more warmly than any of his countrymen, we will commence our *censure* on Gierig's performance.

In a preface of tooth-breaking dog-Latin, Gierig informs us that his motive for publishing the epistles of Pliny, was the favour and good words of certain '*virī docti*,' who had approved his edition of the *Panegyric*. He then proceeds in a most unintelligible sentence to say, 'Sed si quo alio in libro recensendo, certe in hoc, ut criticus quisque est a temeritate, opinionibusque præjudicatis alienissimus, ita creberrime hæreat necesse est, nec facile plurimis illis locis, ubi diversarum lectionum quæque a manuscriptorum auctoritate, ab usu loquendi, et ab orationis serie tantumdem commendationis habet, liquido dicat, quid potissimum ab auctoris manu sit profectum.'

We leave this costly sentence to the ingenuity of our readers. Then follows a long apology for his long notes: or, to use his own elegant Latin, his '*plenitudinem notarum*,' and his '*crimen longitudinis*,' which, would ye believe it? means *the fault of writing long notes!!!*

We profess ourselves to be of Harry Stephens's opinion, that it is surprising Pliny's letters are so seldom read, being altogether convinced the same blame attaches to modern negligence, which was a subject of complaint to that mighty scholar. For, as Melmoth says, the elegance of this author's *manner*, adds force to the most interesting, at the same time that it enlivens the most common subjects. But the polite and spirited turn of these letters is by no means their principal recommendation: they receive a much higher value, as they exhibit one of the most amiable and exemplary characters in all antiquity; and in very few authors are we so disgusted at the drudgery of a German commentator: the transition from sprightliness to dulness, from studied elegance to studied barbarism.

A '*Disputatio de Plinii Epistolis*,' and then a '*Notitia Literaria*' follow the preface, the latter of which is a misnomer, as it refers us to the catalogue prefixed to the Bipont edition. To each letter a separate, long, and generally very foolish argument is prefixed. We shall only examine one letter, and think it will be preferable to select one of the best known, for the purpose of giving every fair chance to Gierig's talents.

The most interesting epistle of Pliny, if perhaps we except that which concerns the Christians, is the 16th of the 6th book, which is addressed to Tacitus, and describes the eruption of Vesuvius, with the death of his uncle, the philosopher. The 20th is supplementary to it, but at present we shall only examine the 16th.

In the very setting forth of this elegant descriptive epistle, we are told that the first sentence is '*Exordium aptum, quo et Tacito blanditur, et avunculi perpetuitatem tam auguratur, quam curæ sibi esse ostendit, adhibitis sententiis non vulgaribus.*'

One of the most common and disgusting faults of German editors is their insipid and useless illustration of the most common words. So here *pulcherrimæ terræ* is illustrated out of Tacitus by *pulcherrimus sinus*. Pliny promised immortality to his uncle, from the writings of Tacitus. Therefore (says the foolish Gierig, by a strange conclusion), he deceived himself, *because* Dio, Josephus, and Suetonius, where they make mention of the eruption of Vesuvius, say nothing of Pliny!! This is not correct. For Suetonius does say of Pliny the Elder, '*perit clade Campaniæ.*'—'*mansura*' ut ap: Quint: *nihil posteritatis mansurisque literis.* Did we then stand in need of an il-

lustration of the word *mansurus*? or to be told that *perpetuitas* is *æternitas nominis*?

The exact day of the month, in the year 79, when the conflagration of Vesuvius, probably the first of any consequence, occurred, is now generally fixed at the 24th of August, and the reading theretofore of *Non. Kal. Sept.* is preferable to the *Novembr. Kal.* of the Aldine edition, and *Calend. Novembr.*, which is adopted by the Père Harduin. Dio says the event happened κατ' αὐτὸ τὸ φθινόπωρον, which certainly tallies more with August, than the end of October or November. Gierig gives no satisfactory criticism on the point.

In Melmoth's elegant English we shall give a short passage, and then contrast it with Gierig's affectation of philosophical knowledge, by which he pretends to confute the language of Pliny. It is too ridiculous!

'My mother desired him (*the elder Pliny*) to observe a cloud which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. He had just returned from enjoying the benefit of the sun, and after bathing in cold water, and taking a slight repast, was retired to his study; he immediately arose and went out upon an eminence, from whence he might more distinctly view this very singular phenomenon. It was not at that distance discernible from what mountain this cloud issued, but it was found afterwards to proceed from Vesuvius. I cannot give you a more exact description of its figure, than by resembling it to that of a pine-tree; for, it shot up a great height in the form of a tall trunk, which spread at the top into a sort of branches; occasioned, I suppose, either that the force of the internal vapour which impressed the cloud upwards, decreased in strength as it advanced, or that the cloud being pressed back by its own weight, expanded itself in the manner I have mentioned: it appeared sometimes bright, and sometimes dark and spotted, as if it was either more or less impregnated with earth and cinders.'

On this Gierig impertinently remarks,

'Solet noster libenter in causas rerum inquirere; sed, quod et hic locus docet, in physicis non semper est satis felix. Primum non dicere debuisset aut etiam, verum et; vis enim projectilis ideo singulis momentis senescit (*decreased in strength. M.*) minuitur, quod ut ab aere resistente, ita pondere corporis projecti vincitur. Neque latitudinem formæ satis expedit. Vis spiritus ad certam altitudinem prægravabat vires aeris resistentis, et ponderis, quo res ejectæ ferebantur: hæ igitur linea recta sursum evehebantur, fingebantque truncum. In trunco supremo vis spiritus cedere cæpit oppositis viribus; hinc resistentia illa et pressu aeris leviores partes in latitudinem diffunde-

bantur, destituunt rem, quæ eam non longius propellunt, aut non secum vehunt.

We think that this nonsensical and leaden note would alone sink Gierig's literary fame, if ought of it still remained buoyant; we doubt whether Germans themselves approve of such gratuitous philosophy. On the common phrase *liburnica* for a light-armed vessel, we are gravely told that it is a vessel *velocissima et levissima*: that the Liburni are people of Illyria, &c. In a difficult and disputed passage, wherein the MSS. and printed copies vary extremely from each other, Gierig preserves (as is natural), the barbarous and injudicious reading of 'Rectinæ Cæsii Bassi.' The emendation of Corte is approved and translated by Melmoth; nor are Gierig's reasons for rejecting it in any degree satisfactory. The phrase *deprehenderit oculis* is more *exquisite*, says our commentator, than *viderat*; and *enotaret* is synonymous to *notaret*, *pingeret*. 'The increasing danger,' he continues, 'he well hath marked by the gradation of the words *cinis, pumices, lapides, vadum, ruina montis*.' As the reader may probably not hitherto have discovered this climax, we think it right to set it before him.

The remainder of Gierig's criticism on this epistle, and indeed on all the epistles contained in the two volumes, is of the same insipid cast: dull or erroneous, as his wit or his learning strive for mastery.

The second volume was published some years after the former. Gierig had received probably cash enough at Leipsic fair, on the sale of the first, to enable him to continue his 'perpetual commentaries.' But in this second volume he has been guilty of a fraud, which would do credit to the most experienced prizefighter of Paternoster-Row. He had begun his second index 'Verborum' on an enlarged plan—and as we have heretofore, in our review of his Ovid, complimented him on his talents of index-making, we regret that he now falsifies our report of him, when he grew tired, and thought (as he says) there was too much 'labour' and 'trouble' in the business. He therefore re-commenced his index, which he intended to be more useful than that of Corte, more full than that of Gesner. So he plodded on to the letter N—then grew tired again, and adopted Gesner from N to Z. This he calls 'necessity:' and we believe it was so—*ἀνάγκη* in every sense of the word.

Let us whisper to him at parting, that as he has campaigned without glory in the service of the Muses or

booksellers, we trust as Prof. Trem. (*quere Tremendous Professor?*) he will in future only utter his classical oracles *vivâ voce à cathedrâ*. He cannot indeed be said to spoil paper in his present production, for he prints on *charta cacatissima*; but as the same substance is used in the formation both of lint and criticism, we would recommend him to save for the hospitals the rags which he now bedaubes to so little purpose.

ART. XI.—*A new System of Arithmetic; including Specimens of a Method in which most arithmetical Operations may be performed without a Knowledge of the Rules of Three, and followed by Strictures on the Nature of the Elementary Instruction. Contained in English Treatises on that Science. By Thomas Clark, Esq. Budd, 1812. £1.*

WE have really been very much amused and struck with something approaching to the nature of surprise at Mr. Clark's preface. We were simple enough to believe that our countryman might become tolerably well versed in the four first rules of arithmetic, by the aid of the writers in our vernacular tongue. But we find this to be a mere narrow vulgar prejudice.

'First, there is not,' says Mr. Clark, 'in the English language, a work of any repute whatever, employed in school education, in which the four fundamental rules of arithmetic, and principally, the subtraction, multiplication, and division, are clearly and comprehensively laid down. Secondly, not one.' * * But we have not space for Mr. Clark's secondly, and thirdly, and fourthly, and fifthly, and sixthly, and lastly, in all and each of which it is demonstrated that Mr. Clark's 'New System of Arithmetic' is by far the greatest work of the kind ever published in the English language.

But we must do justice to the modesty of the writer. Though he sets up some sort of half claim to originality, he acknowledges that he has principally followed the French writers on arithmetic. M. Reynaud's *Introduction à l'Algèbre*, M. Theveneau's *Elémens d'Arithmétique*, Bezout's *Elémens d'Arithmétique*, the *Ecoles Normales*, and (we are shocked to pronounce the word), Gordon's Arithmetic, have been his principal guides. He consoles us, however, with the assurance, that from the latter 'only a few passages and examples have been ex-

tracted.' His own labours, besides that of a translator, have been bestowed on the necessary but humble task of transposing, -extending, and abbreviating the different passages selected. What are his own observations, (for we are told that there are some such) it is in vain to inquire. He has been so often under the necessity of blending them, with those of others, that to assign any of the intermediate parts to their respective authors, might be, not unfrequently, to make them responsible for his own errors. This is an unfortunate predicament truly. But we suspect that if these original observations were very numerous, or very important, the father would have made little scruple in acknowledging his offspring.

But do not suppose, reader, that Mr. Clark's object is to disparage the honour of Old England. To obviate such a suspicion, he assures us that he is an Englishman, zealous for the fame of his country, and anxious for its welfare. He therefore in concluding takes a *bolder* and *more adventurous* flight. He promises us that by discarding our old friends Vise and Cocker, Walkinghame and Bonnycastle, we shall not only be better shopkeepers, and housekeepers, and merchants, and stockbrokers, but also better soldiers and deeper politicians; that we shall have more success both in the field and the cabinet. Indeed, indeed, we fear there is some truth in this. We all remember how the great statesman now no more was out of his reckoning, when he prognosticated the ruin of France from the depreciation of assignats. If Mr. Clark were in the right, what chance would the Russian boors, with as little elementary instruction as the beasts of the field, have had against the sprightly *clèves* of the *écoles normales*?

After this magnificent preface we must suppose our reader's curiosity to be on the stretch after some of the mighty improvements to be discovered in this New System of Arithmetic. Know then, first, that it is divided into two parts; the first treating of abstract numbers: that is to say, the simple signs, independent of the things signified: the second treats of concrete numbers; that is to say, of numbers applied to pounds, shillings, and pence, miles, furlongs, yards, &c. It may be that in many books of arithmetic these are blended; but certainly not in all. Hutton's course of mathematics lies before us, in which they are kept distinct, or very nearly so. Secondly, fractions are arranged before the operations of compound numbers, whereas in other treatises they follow them.

This is certainly proper. Next, Mr. Clark complains that young beginners are frightened by the introduction of crabbed uncouth algebraic characters in the beginning of other works: he has therefore gently insinuated them, one by one, as occasion offered. This is really too absurd.

We have not the face to assert that we have read through Mr. Clark's book. But we are certain that in the cursory view we have taken of it, we have seen enough to enable us to form a pretty correct estimate of its value. But to act fairly by the writer, we must select a single article. It shall be that which treats of *subtraction*, as Mr. Clark is pleased to term it.

To avoid circumlocution, let us take the author's example. Let us subtract (or retrench as Mr. Clark says), 29 from 67. We need not go over the common process. Instead of this Mr. Clark borrows 10 from 6, and makes the second part of the process $2 \text{ from } 5 = 3$; resolving 67 into $50 + 17$. This change is very foolish. The former method is as easily comprehended; since it involves nothing but the simple axiom, that if equals be added to unequals, the difference is the same. In the instance before us, the symbol 7 is called seventeen, and the symbol 2 is called three: ten therefore being added to each number the difference must be justly attained. The principle of this mode of proceeding is quite as intelligible as that of Mr. Clark's pretended improvement.

As a specimen of Mr. Clark's rules we select the following:

'RULE. TO ENOUNCE A FRACTION. When the lower number is either of the numbers 2, 3, 4, add to the name of the upper number one of the words, third or thirds, quarter or quarters, or, (which is the same thing), fourth, or fourths; and if the lower number exceed 4, enounce successively the terms expressed by the upper and lower numbers; and join to the lower, the termination th.'

How prolix and frivolous this is we need not say.

Of the pretended substitution for the Rule of Three we will give the following example:

'Prob. 23. *Three men have executed a certain work in eight days, how many days would six men require to execute the same work in?*

'3 men execute the work in..... 8 days.

1 do. will execute do. in 3 times as many days = 24 do.

6 then will execute the work in 6 times fewer days = 4 days.'

The answer is gained by multiplying the 8 by 3, and dividing the product (24) by 6. Now, stated in the com-

mon way, we have this proportion : 6 : 3 :: 8 : x = $\frac{8 \times 6}{3} = 16$.

We have then just the same multiplication and division ; and nothing is gained either in clearness or expedition.

Mr. Clarke, or the writers whose works he has made use of, appear to think that the truths of arithmetic, and the processes employed in arriving at arithmetical results can be made clear by long details and laboured explanations. In practice, our knowledge of numbers is much upon the same footing as our knowledge of grammar. The rules are first acquired by rote, and we penetrate into the reasons on which they are grounded gradually as the understanding ripens. They are exceedingly clear and evident to those who possess a tolerable penetration. The steps must be seen by a sort of intuition like the different steps of a geometrical theorem, and those who cannot easily follow them, if they are clearly and simply enun- tiated, will, we fear, receive little aid from a tedious circumlocution. We should certainly be glad to see our common treatises of arithmetic more scientific, and the principles of the art justly unfolded : we should be glad to see the mind of the young scholar strengthened and expanded, whilst he is employed in the acquisition of a necessary art. But we do not think this treatise peculiarly calculated to answer that useful purpose.

ART. XII.—*The History of all Religions, comprehending the different Doctrines, Customs, and Order of Worship in the Churches which have been established from the beginning of Time to the present Day. The accomplishment of the Prophecies of the Person of Christ incontrovertibly proving by the positive Declarations of the Prophets that he is the true Messiah, and that the Jews have no Authority from Scripture to expect that he is yet to come. The Origin and Cause of Idolatrous Worship ; Reasons assigned for the different Forms of Idols, being a brief Compendium of those Knowledge necessary to be known by all Christians. By John Bellamy, Author of Biblical Criticisms in the Classical Journal. London : Longman, 8vo. 9s. 6d.*

MR. BELLAMY says in his preface, p. 5.

‘ I should not feel myself excused in sending the following sheets to the press, if they did not contain a variety of information, which has not been made known by any writer, and which I consider a duty to lay before the public.’

In perusing this work we have not been fortunate enough to discover that '*variety of information which has not been made known by any writer,*' and which our worthy author evidently thought of much magnitude and importance when he said that he considered it '*a duty*' to lay it before the public. Perhaps, however, some of Mr. Bellamy's readers may judge that information to be new which we consider to be old; and may be under great obligations to him for telling them what they did not know before. But we must stop to ask Mr. Bellamy, if '*this variety of information,*' which he considered it '*a duty*' to lay before the public, has not previously '*been made known by any writer,*' whence it was communicated to him? Mr. B. certainly does not lay claim to inspiration; and with respect therefore to the variety of information which he has produced relative to that multitude of religious sects or fraternities, whose systems of faith and modes of worship and discipline were established long before he was born, whence could he derive his materials but from printed or written documents? These were his only sources of information; but to what has been previously printed or written by others Mr. B. certainly does not mean to lay claim as coming out of his own store. Mr. Bellamy too, it must be remembered, professes his work to be a history; but we do not know how Mr. B. or any other person was to write a history of events long prior to his birth, without drawing his materials from written or printed documents.

Though, owing perhaps to our want of sagacity or dulness of apprehension, we cannot give Mr. Bellamy credit for having laid before the public *a variety of novel information*, yet we do give him credit for what is perhaps a higher and more praise-worthy excellence; for great candour of statement and liberality of opinion. Mr. Bellamy has written on a subject which, more than any other, is apt to call forth the prejudices, to warp the judgment and inflame the passions; and which it is consequently very difficult for any but a sage, whose mind is well ballasted *with charity*, to perform with an undeviating adherence to truth. We do not think that Mr. B. has purposely caricatured or misrepresented any religionists of any nation, class, or sect.

Mr. Bellamy's own notions of religion are very correct and rational, as we may discover from the first sentence in his book, in which it is intimated that '*pure religion does not consist in a set of notions or opinions,*' but in loving

God with all our heart and our neighbour as ourselves. From what Mr. B. says, p. 300, we infer that he is not a man of contracted sentiments or illiberal bigotry, or willing to regard all opinions as heretical but those of his own sect.

* * * 'Though there may exist a difference of opinion, which has in all ages laid the foundation for different sects, yet under what form soever the true God is worshipped in sincerity such worshippers constitute the true church of God; agreeably to those words of the apostle, *Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness, is accepted of him.*'

If this declaration of the New Testament be true, which it must be, if that book be of divine authority, then we should wish to inquire *in transitu*, why it is worth while to quarrel, to backbite, to slander, to tip the tongue with venom, to fill the pen with gall, or die the sword with blood, because this or that person, sect, or community, happen to adopt a form of worship, a mode of faith, or a system of opinions different from our own? Religionists, whose hearts are shrivelled up like a dried leaf by being deprived of the refreshing dews of Universal Charity, are apt to think that a man's opinions form the ground-work of his acceptance with the Deity; and hence, as they deem their own opinions the only true, they are very liberal in distributing the pains of damnation to all who think differently from themselves. But Mr. Bellamy is not one of these saints with hearts like a dried leaf. No; he has some of the fresh juices of Christian charity in his breast; and he thinks that heaven's portals will not be shut against those who work righteousness, from whatever part of the world they may come, or under whatever system of error or delusion they may have worshipped the COMMON FATHER OF ALL MANKIND.

Mr. Bellamy acknowledges, p. 167, 'the fundamental principles of the Christian religion' to consist in 'love to God and charity to man;' and there is consequently no part of the world, and no species of worshippers under heaven which may not be Christian in *spirit*, though they may be totally unacquainted with any of the dogmas of any denomination of Christians. We know no better compendium of Christianity, either for faith or for practice, either for a purifying influence in the mind, or for an external light for the conduct, than what is comprehended in the Lord's Prayer; but does this prayer contain any

one of the peculiar dogmas which form the badge, and kindle the strife of Christian or rather unchristian sects?

In his account of Mahometanism, Mr. Bellamy should not have omitted all mention of the Wahabees, who have, for some time, been effecting a great and important reformation in the opinions and rites of the followers of the Koran. We furnished a good deal of information relative to this enterprising sect of reformers, in the Appendix to Vol. XXI, of our Third Series, p. 502—507.

Mr. B. adopts that computation of what may be called the religious world, which, supposing, the earth to contain about 'eight hundred millions of souls,' reckons the mass of Christians at 'one hundred and eighty-three millions;' of Mahometans, at 'one hundred and thirty millions;' of Jews, at 'three millions;' and of those, who come under the general denomination of Pagans, that is, who are neither Jews, Christians, nor Mahometans, at 'four hundred and eighty-seven millions.' It is evident that all such calculations must be very arbitrary and uncertain; but, such as they are, they furnish the presumptuous and hot-headed with strong reasons for individual humility, for mutual forbearance, and for universal charity. But let no one forget that this is not a fatherless world, and that HE who is the father of our Lord Jesus Christ, is also the father of all mankind.

ART. XIII.—*Observations on the Choice of a School, submitted to the Attention of Parents, with a View to assist them in forming a Judgment on that important Subject. By the Rev. C. LL., L. L. D.* London: Longman, 8vo.

'TO the middling class of society,' says the respectable author, 'it is my intention to confine the observations which I have to make on the choice of a school. It comprehends all children of every description, whose parents can afford to keep them at school for a period not less than five, and not more than eight years, or can maintain them at a boarding-school. It is needless to observe that they are made up of shop-keepers, and the best sort of artisans and tradesmen, of merchants, bankers, officers, those of the learned professions, and of moderate independent fortunes, and of the generality of farmers and country gentlemen. My observations on the choice of a school will be applicable to this class, comprehending the various descriptions which I have enumerated.'

The author, who appears to be a man of sound judgment, is not an advocate for those schools in which a great boast is made of teaching the whole circle of the arts and sciences; but where, if a smattering of knowledge be obtained, the intellectual faculties are little improved. Children must learn words before they can learn any thing else; and therefore the study of language ought to lay the basis of other studies. 'The study of language,' says Dr. LL. 'is the natural employment of youth, and the proper business of education in the class of society to which I refer, as in every other division of mankind.'

The study of language lays the best basis for all intellectual improvement; for it tends to habituate the mind to the practice of analysis. To be able to assign clear and definite ideas to words is to have made no small progress in the faculty of analysis; and, in proportion as we strengthen that faculty, we shall improve the general capacity of the mind and render our advances in science of every description more easy and expeditious, whenever the attention is more particularly directed to scientific pursuits. The judgment is invigorated and the moral notions are rendered more clear and precise by the same means. If we adopt any other method of elementary instruction, we are sure to shrivel up and contract the intellect instead of rendering it massy and robust.

The author, p. 14, gives it as his opinion, in which we entirely concur, 'that youth should be directed to apply to as many languages as they can tolerably acquire within the period allotted for their education.'

The French, Latin, and Greek languages ought, according to the author, to be constantly joined with the study of our own. Of the languages to which the pupil should apply, next to his mother tongue, the first in order is the Latin, as it constitutes the basis of most of the European languages, and has had a great influence, at least through the intervention of the French, in the formation of our own. There is besides no other language which altogether unites so many purposes of utility and instruction. The study of our vernacular tongue will be best prosecuted at the same time with that of the Latin; as they offer points of comparison, which will facilitate the acquisition of both better than we could acquire either by itself.

It has been remarked that we are a shop-keeping nation. This is no disparagement to us as long as we do not suffer a shop-keeping spirit to extinguish among us all spirit of

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a more generous and patriotic kind. But we fear that this has been too much the case; and that hence classical studies have been too often relinquished for studies more connected with the acquisition of petty pelf and the degradation of the character in a moral and intellectual view.

'The commercial habits of this country,' says the author, 'have induced a belief that figures are every thing, and we find our poor lads *figuring* for ever, without attending to much else. The mind is left fallow and uncultivated by this false opinion, this injudicious practice, which is only another name for idleness. I am convinced, that a youth who has been in the habit of exerting all his powers in learning languages, will have, at fourteen, a more digested and rational view of arithmetic by one month's application, than if he had spent his five or six years about it, as is frequently done through some fatality that contributes to waste away much precious time that might be spent with so much advantage to the cultivation and strength of the mental powers.'

What the author says on moral and religious culture, is replete with good sense. He recommends that no principles should be inculcated which are comprehended with difficulty. 'If religion contains such principles that inculcation should be reserved for a riper age.' '*The tenets of a sect should not form a part of early instruction.*' To teach sectarian tenets, as first principles, is to cramp and narrow the mind at the very moment when it is most necessary to give it a vigorous expansion; and it is moreover to produce bitterness of spirit at a period when we should be most solicitous to nurture the kind affections, and to encourage largeness of heart.

The instructions of a master on religious topics ought, as the author truly remarks, p. 59, 'to be *very general*, and given with all fairness and impartiality. If he should wish to make bigots, he has no right to do so.'

The following remarks are very good, and well adapted to the fashionable mania for stuffing the brains of children with the mere husk of a cyclopedia.

* * * 'If we proceed as we have done for the last twenty years, we shall have our school cabinets of shells and butterflies, and no academy will be found without its herbarium. Our lads will begin to botanize; our fields will scarcely be wide enough for their excursions. They will be sighing over the loves of the lilies, and watching with obstetric gravity, over the accouchement of lichens and mosses. The progress is not slow from the study of the sexual system of plants to a less innocent amusement, and the education which has begun in effeminacy, must probably end in lewdness and debauchery. We want sound consti-

tutions, virtuous affections, and energetic faculties, and we have means in our power calculated to effect our wishes. We seem to reject them for those of a contrary tendency. Let us halt in our career, and thankfully adopt what promises to raise our offspring into health, and happiness, and wisdom.'

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RELIGION.

ANT. 14.—*The Doctrine of the New Jerusalem respecting the Lord. Translated from the original Latin. Printed at Amsterdam, 1763. London: Sherwood, 1812. 8vo. 6s.*

THIS doctrine of the *New Jerusalem*, as it is called, is to our conceptions, very ambiguous and enigmatical. The writer might think that he had drawn up the curtain which veiled this great mystery from the vulgar; but, if he have pulled up the curtain he has not opened the window-shutters, for no light is visible. Not a ray is let even through a chink to enlighten the understanding. Perhaps, however, there is no need of intellectual light in this *New Jerusalem*; this at least is certain that not a glimmering of it is to be discovered in this delineation. The following are the principal heads in this 'Doctrine of the *New Jerusalem*;' and if these be so vague and enigmatical, the reader may readily conjecture what a jargon of ideas and inferences he is likely to meet with, when the writer makes an attempt at analysis, or elucidation:

'I. That God is one in person and in essence, and the Lord is that God.—II. That the whole sacred scripture treats of Him only.—III. That He came to the world to subjugate the hells and to glorify his humanity, both of which he effected by temptation admitted into himself, and fully by the last of them the passion of the cross: that by this He became the Saviour, and on this account merit and righteousness belong to Him alone.—IV. That he fulfilled the whole of the law, which is the same as that he fulfilled the whole of the word.—V. That He did not remove sins by suffering on the cross, but like the prophets, bore them; or in other words, He permitted a representation to be made in himself of the manner in which the Church had wickedly abused the Word.—VI. That nothing further is meant by imputation of merit, than remission of sins after repentance.'

ANT. 15.—*A Sermon, delivered at Worship Street, Sunday Morning, August 9th, upon the Decease of John Brent, Esq. who died July 1, 1812, in the eighty-third Year of his Age. By John Evans, A. M. Published by particular Request. London: Crosby, 1812. 1s.*

THIS is an affectionate tribute of Mr. Evans's to the memory

of his worthy friend Mr. Brent, interspersed with such remarks as were suitable to the solemnity of the occasion, and conducive to the interests of unsophisticated piety.

ART. 16.—*Sermons on various Subjects; and Letters to an Undergraduate at the University. By the late Rev. William Alphonsus Gunn. To which are prefixed, Memoirs of his Life; by Isaac Saunders, A. M.* London: Matthews and Leigh, 1812. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

THE late Rev. William Alphonsus Gunn was, in his day, a luminary of no small magnitude in the *Evangelical* hemisphere. From the memoirs, which occupy a large portion of this volume, but which are very thinly sprinkled with facts or incidents, we learn that Mr. Gunn experienced, in a very early period of his existence, several hair-breadth escapes, which might, perhaps, tend to make him afterwards believe that he was a particularly selected object of providential preservation; and, of course, destined to be an active instrument in propagating the right faith among men. 'No circumstance,' says Mr. Gunn, who is his own biographer, till he was eleven years old, 'occurred of any consequence during the first six years of my life, *except two remarkable interferences* of divine providence.' * * * One of these *interferences* was that, when he was about three years old, his clothes caught fire in a wash-house; but this was extinguished by the opportune arrival of one of the servants, without any personal injury. The other instance of providential *interference* which Mr. Gunn experienced was that, when he was a child in his mother's arms, she accidentally fell into an old well, but was saved by her foot perching on the projection of a brick or stone, where she clung till her cries brought some of the family to her assistance. We believe that Tacitus somewhere says of Tiberius, '*etiam fortuita ad gloriam vertebat*,' and perhaps Mr. Gunn, when in after-life he reflected on these casualties, might be tempted to do the same. He was a chosen vessel, in which much grace was contained, which was not to be suffered to be spilt or spoiled, but to be reserved for the use of the faithful; amongst whom it was shed at Farnham and Odiam, of both which places Mr. Gunn was curate, and where he made some of the first trials of his powers in distributing the unction of the word. But some of Mr. Gunn's hearers at Farnham do not appear to have entertained so good an opinion of this unction as others; for, strange to tell, he got the name of Methodist; and Mr. Saunders his biographer, goes so far as to say, p. 16, 'that obscene songs were composed, anonymous letters written, and evil reports fabricated against him.' All this tells very much against the godly disposition of the men of Farnham; who, as we find, would not rest nor be at all satisfied till they had got rid not only of Mr. Gunn's preaching but even of Mr. Gunn himself. Mr. Gunn was dismissed by his rector, at the solicitation of those enemies to the word, as

it was ministered out of the conduit of Mr. Gunn's *evangelical* stores. Mr. Gunn, however, still continued to bruise the head of the serpent at Odiam, and gave him some notable blows from his strong hold in the pulpit of that place, till on one certain Sunday, when he was proceeding to his post, armed with the sword of the spirit, and shining with irresistible grace, he, to his great astonishment, and peradventure, mortification, 'received notice' to discontinue his warfare against the Old One on that station. But, as Mr. G. was a chosen vessel, and saved both from burning and drowning, or, in other words, snatched both out of the fire and out of the water for the purpose of abridging the empire of Satan, the cessation of his ghostly functions at Farnham and Odiam were only preparatory to a wider field of action opening before him at St. Mary Somerset's, in Thames Street, in this wicked metropolis, the mother of so many abominations, and the entrenched camp of the Great Daemon, and his legion of honour. Here Mr. Gunn had work enough cut out for him; but not more than he was well able to perform; for he laid about him so manfully that the devil was obliged to make the best of his way out of that part of Thames Street which was within reach of Mr. Gunn's voice, while he was lecturing in the pulpit of the aforesaid St. Mary Somerset. Mr. Gunn also made trial of his spiritual prowess and evangelical powers in the church of St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard Street, where he rung a loud peal among the money-changers. Here he acted as subordinate to the Rev. John Newton, himself a *shining light*, and one of Satan's most formidable foes. From their united efforts, which were carried on under the firm of 'Dust and Ashes,' (see p. 41,) we wonder exceedingly how the Old Man with great horns could possibly keep his station in that part of the metropolis, and that he did not retreat west of Temple Bar, or take refuge among his *corps d'elite* in the purlieus of Pall-Mall.

Mr. Gunn, not content with opening his battery of *evangelical* doctrine on a Sunday, was appointed to discharge his pious volleys on Thursday evening in St. Margaret's, Lothbury, which he did most effectually under the cover of certain thirty-nine articles, behind which he found a wall more than bomb-proof, whenever he was represented as drawing some of his offensive and defensive weapons out of the arsenals of absurdity. But Mr. G. always took care to keep safe within the confines of the aforesaid articles, which was such a station of security, that it gave him an opportunity of laughing at his opponents and of awing them by authority when he could not bear them down by argument. Mr. Gunn's spiritual warfare was terminated on Friday, December 5th, 1806, in the forty-seventh year of his age, when his biographer, as well as the writer of his epitaph, tells us that 'he fell asleep.'

That Mr. Gunn was, or was at least reputed to be, in his

single self, a whole evangelical host, the following description of him by his contemporary admirers, will evince:

'Alphonsus Gunn was no common preacher. He was a shining light! Wonderful was his eloquence.' * * * 'Transgression was terrified at his approach; unbelief stood abashed at his presence. There was then an awful horror in the man. He was not man. Going out of himself, nature was by him exceeded, subdued, surpassed.'

If the writer had not told us that this Mr. Alphonsus Gunn 'was not man,' we should have been tempted to exclaim, on reading the above, that this was a man of wax! a man indeed. If this man who 'was not man,' had been now living, and if 'unbelief stood abashed at his presence,' we should have recommended the experiment to be tried on Mr. Daniel Isaac Eaton, instead of making a rather *mal-à-propos* exhibition of his scepticism in the pillory.

POETRY.

ART. 17.—*The Death of Bonaparte; or, One Pound One. A Poem, in Four Cantos. By Cervantes. York: Lund, price 1s.*

THE bet between Sir Mark Sykes and a reverend divine, whose name we have quite forgot, is the subject of the present poem in four cantos. In a poem in four cantos on so trifling a subject, how is the interest to be kept up? Gentle reader, we beg leave to remind you that our Cervantes is a very good Cervantes; and a very fashionable Cervantes; for he has taken especial care that his cantos should not offend in length, the whole containing only sixteen pages, including a song at the end. This poem then may be supposed to be very *pithy* and very *witty*, and as Sir Mark has been, and no doubt is, notorious for his learning and good sense, our author has much to answer for if he does not make him shine most brilliantly in this performance. The following, therefore, may serve as a specimen of the author's genius and of his hero's wit:

'At this Sir M—their great commander,
Turn'd red as any salamander;
Then chang'd again as pale as death,
I'll take—I'll take—a little breath,
He faintly cried, 'I—I—shall throttle,
Oh! bring the bottle—bottle—bottle.'

Then follows the baronet's proposal to take one hundred guineas as a stake from any gentleman, and pay one guinea a day, as long as Bonaparte should take it into his head to live. The result of this bet is very well known to the public. The worthy baronet found he had engaged in a bad speculation, for *Bonney* seemed determined to live in spite of every favourable or unfavourable circumstance; and Sir Mark accordingly of-

ferred a sum of money to the divine *to be off*. This not being accepted, and the baronet refusing to pay,

' At last the reverend jockey brought,
This *moral* matter into court ;
O justice ! justice ! wer't thou napping,
That such a thing as this could happen !
Thou should'st have ta'en a good horsewhip,
And made both knight and parson skip ;
A case replete with such disgrace,
Should ne'er have come before *thy* face.'

Such is Cervantes's opinion of the matter ; but, whether our readers will accord with him, and think the horsewhip the most wholesome monitor to bring the baronet and parson to their sober senses, we will not determine ; but leave the merits of the case to be decided by those *bang-up worthies*, whose accomplishments are not confined to the skilful management of the *ribands* only ; but who are even more *au fait* in the profound science of the betting book. If we were to inflict any punishment on Sir Mark, it would be to sentence him to read his best Aldus Classics for a year and a day ; and as to his adversary the parson, we should enjoin him to study the Bible for the same period.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 18.—*J-d-c-l Anticipation ; or, Candidates for the New Judgeships*. 8vo. pp. 40. London : J. Miller, 1812. 2s.

THE title of this happy *jeu d'esprit* is evidently borrowed from Tickell's *Anticipation of the Parliamentary Debate* ; but the object of it is merely to imitate the tone and manner of the forensic eloquence of Mr. Justice Gibbs, Mr. Solicitor General (Sir William Garrow,) Mr. Park, Mr. Topping, Mr. Jekyll, Mr. Brougham, and Lord Ellenborough. The plot of the story, in which their speeches are introduced, is told in the similitude of a dream. The author dreams that the above-named lawyers appear before the bar of the privy council, and state their claims for the judgeships, which it is thought the contemplated retirement of Chief Justice Mansfield, Chief Baron M'Donald, Mr. Justice Heath, Mr. Justice Grose, &c. will shortly vacate. Mr. Justice Gibbs is represented as seeking the chief justiceship of the Common Pleas, the barristers put in a general claim for promotion to the bench ; and Lord Ellenborough, as one of the privy council, delivers the sentiments of the Board as to the respective merits of the claimants. This pamphlet must be a sealed book to those who are not in the habit of attending the Court of King's Bench ; but to the profession it must be a high gratification ; for the mimicry is for the most part admirable, both as to sentiment and phraseology. The author's hero is

evidently that highly-gifted and highly-minded advocate, Henry Brougham, who is made

‘ in the very beginning and outset of his speech, to take leave utterly to disclaim and disavow all intention of candidateship for any one of those high offices, shortly about to become vacant, since his only object is merely to put himself in the way of their notice and to say, “ Here I am : my legal acquirements, humble as they are, my political opinions, proud as they are, are well known to your lordships and to you, Gentlemen : if you or any other m——y think fit to honour me with that fair promotion which is, or ought to be, perfectly open to the liberal profession, to which I have attached myself, I am ready to occupy the station, and hope I shall never be found to desert my post.” ’

The imitation of Mr. Justice Gibbs is perhaps the least striking of the whole. His hesitations, repetitions, and beatings about for the turn of a period, are accurate enough, and there is a sufficient shew of pedantry : but his style was in general too correct and staid for ridicule. Sir William Garrow’s speech is much better : but he should have been made to commit more blunders in construction, and to treat us with sundry confusions of metaphor. The imitation of Mr. Park is excellent, and scarcely over-charged.

There is no great prominence in the short imitations of Messrs. Topping and Jekyll : the former is made to quote Shakspeare, and the latter Joe Miller ; but we prefer to quote a passage from Mr. Brougham, whose style of eloquence is, in our opinion, copied with a talent almost equal to that of the advocate.

‘ It has often been a subject of pure and sheer amazement to me, how *that* (I will not say, *advocate*, for he may be allowed to merge his own sentiments, in those of his client, but that) *senator* who shall have declared, and that loudly too, his opinions in favour of liberty, religious and political, freedom of the press and representation, the instant he gets into office, shall run into opinions diametrically opposite to all those he maintained before, and shall only remember those former sentiments to take especial care to retract and renounce and impugn them every one. For my part, I should like to know the hour, at which such a revolution as this works in a man’s blood ; for surely the *animus*, and not the *cælum* alone of a man, must be changed with this change of party. Is he an effective patriot, till the patent of his place is actually signed ; and does the stroke of a pen work the magic transformation ? Is he a patriot at ten o’clock one morning, and a time-server at eleven ? Tell me, my lords and gentlemen, for some of you know ; tell me the precise moment of the mutation, that I may execrate it. Point me out the extent and verge of this baneful atmosphere of a court, that I may flee its witch-

ing circle, like a pestilence. Am I safe myself at this present moment? or have I passed the mystic line, which has sold me for ever to the dæmon of a torpid and inefficient m——y? Let me try my faculties, lest they be benumbed; let me sound my principles, lest they be evaporated. My lords and gentlemen, —barefaced, glaring, unblushing, apostacy like this, has always been with me a problem in human nature; and mankind is surely wanting to itself not to visit such inexpressible sin with scorn and detestation. After what I have said, (and I speak warmly, because I feel warmly,) neither your lordships nor you, gentlemen, will imagine that, should I ever be honoured with legal or political office (and I shall be believed when I say that I am not such an idiot or madman, as to suppose that the date of my promotion is very near at hand, or that I am going the shortest or the royal road to preferment; but perhaps I am going the surest, in the long run; at any rate I am keeping the singleminded, conscientious tenour of my way)—I was observing, that should I ever arrive at the goal of my journey, far different from such conduct, as I have just deprecated, will be that of the humble individual who now has the honour to address you. I give your lordships and you, gentlemen, fair warning, that, with just such violence as I now oppose the system of William Pitt, will I wage war with it then, with no less warmth than that, with which I now advocate the great cause of universal freedom, will I espouse it then; and if power and place are not to be acquired upon such terms, let me do all the good I can *out of* power and *out of* place; the applause of my conscience and of all good men will be reward enough for me;

“The post of honour is a private station;”
and when I die, let it be recorded on my tomb:

“Here lies a man who held no public office!”

But the crown of this whole *jeu d'esprit* is the speech of the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, in which, not only the greater part of his strong and harsh features of metaphor and pedantry are preserved, but the cast of his thinking is successfully hit off. We wish we could afford room for the introduction; but we should conceal from our readers the story and drama of the pamphlet, did we omit to give the privy council's judgment upon the pretension of every candidate:

“We first advert to the claim of Mr. J——e G——, a claim so adult and mature, so deeply impregnated and supersaturated with legitimate validity, that it will not be passed by, but vociferates for the sanction and authentication of the Board. Without pronouncing any opinion upon that *vexata questio* between learning and talents, the mootings of which have been banded and shuttle-cocked (if I may be allowed the expression), it is sufficient to say, that in the present instance, the candidate unites both—*juncta juvant*, and, *quâcunque viâ datâ*, Mr. J——e G—— asportates the prize for which he entered the lists. Besides,

that learned J—ge has truly filiated upon us, at least an implied *assumpsit*, that what he so rightfully seeks should be ceded to him. His claim therefore is not *won* of those spurious and *primâ facie* pretensions, the original fraud of whose concoction all the speciousness of misrepresentation cannot sanctify. It is a claim so pregnant and over-riding, that if it should chance to be impugned by any *won* of the P—y C—I, it would be the bounden duty of that *won* to capitulate his opinion *quoad hoc* to the aggregate voice of his colleagues. But here is no such confliction of opinion. Contemplating therefore his great talents, and resuscitating the vigour of his exertions, when armed with the authority of his M—y's A— G—, though at the *irrecoverable* confiscation of popularity, which every good and wise man must loath and contemn, the P—y C—I (through the mediate channel of my lips), in the exercise of a sound discretion, assure him that the exaltation he demands shall immediately calcitrate the vacation to which he alludes. To Mr. S— G— they desire to indicate, that their volition will not long vacillate between tendering him the seat which he competes, and advancing him one *grade* higher in the scale of the authority which he now ministrates, since that *ultrâ* step has ordinarily adduced to a higher station, than any which he contemplates, and *won*, for which, it is no aspersion upon his very different talents to say, he is wholly incapacitated. At the same time, they desire him to purge his mind of the notion that the knowledge of a *Lunnon Marchant* is the learning of a lawyer; or that this body has not an adequate appreciation of the relative value of scholarship, because they indulge him and some few others with a dispensation therefrom. They utterly repel and repudiate the monstrous proposition, that it is better to domicile a law-student in the counting-house of a *Marchant*, than in the office of a Special Pleader. As to Mr. P—, this Most Honourable Body are feelingly alive to the nature and pruriency of his pretensions, and, if the situation to which he aspires can be grasped by a given number of prayers and protestations, he will certainly attain to it. *Valcant quantum valere possunt.* For Mr. B—, “quid faciat Romæ?” Does he think that such a diatribe, as he has doled out among us, will avail him any thing? In lieu of doing him any service, it rather constitutes an aggression in itself; he comes here to beard us in our own Hall, to fright the Lion in his den. Let him prune the luxuriance of his green and spurious patriotism; and let him divorce himself from the *vinculum* of those emanations, which will be a perpetual plea in bar to his professional aggrandizement. Of the claims of Messrs. T— and J—, *curia advisore vult*, with a view to making its election on *Monn-dar* next.

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